THE

# UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

N° LXVIII.—Vol. XII.] *For* JULY, 1809. [New Series.

"We shall never envy the honours which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if we can be numbered among the writers who have given ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth."—Dr. Johnson.

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

*The* Adventures *and* Travels, *in various Parts of the Globe, of* Henry Vogel. *Translated from the German.*

Sir,

I LATELY picked up a work, in German, containing an account of the travels and adventures of a person of the name of Henry Vogel, into almost every quarter of the globe. I read it with much pleasure; and, as no translation of it has been given, in England, I have thought that it would not be an uninteresting subject for the pages of the Universal Magazine. Not only amusement but instruction will be derived. I send you, herewith, a portion of the translation, and, if it is inserted, I will supply a similar quantity each month till the whole is completed.

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

W.

*Kensington, July* 4, 1809.

### PART THE FIRST.

#### CHAPTER I.

*Parentage and Education.*

Before I make the reader acquainted with the history of my life, with the events of my thirty years absence from my native country, and with the cause of that absence, I think it will be necessary to communicate to him some information of my parents, my youth, and my education; that so he may be better enabled to understand many parts of the following history.

Pockelsloh was the place where, in 1740, I first saw the light. My parents rented there some excellent land, and by strict economy they had gradually established themselves in comfortable circumstances. As they were, at the same time, upright and honest, so they had the happiness of being beloved and prized by the inhabitants of the place. Their marriage was regarded, by all, as a pattern of connubial happiness; and if ever there was a blissful union, in which each party finds the highest comfort in mutually administering to each other's joy, that union was enjoyed by my parents.

My mother indeed (as well as I can recollect) was not handsome in person or countenance, but she was the more agreeable in her discourse. She possessed penetration and taste, but without appearing learned or witty; her mind was gentle, her deportment refined, and her heart full of goodness. With all these advantages, she sought only to keep the affections of my father, to encrease them, and more especially to fulfil every duty of her life according to her capacity. If my father was compelled to ride out upon business, or if he was invited to the company of a friend, she took the opportunity of visiting some of her friends or relations with us children; but this she never did when he was at home, that she might not lose any of his conversation.

In the minds of her children she inculcated the most implicit obedience and the most profound reverence towards their father, and in no case did she ever seek to be preferred to him. Her household she regulated upon the simple principles of order, substantial economy, and the discharge of becoming duties. Gossips and newsmongers she could never endure: bad servants she either admonished or discharged: good ones she prized and rewarded If she

noticed any improper conduct in any one about the house, she took notice of it very pointedly; and if she had convincing proofs of it, she made it known to my father. In this manner her household was managed with comfort, and her conduct was instructive and useful.

My father, on the contrary, possessed a fine understanding, which had been improved by a rational education.—His principles were correct, and his resolutions fixed; at the same time, however, he had an irritability of feeling which arose from a warmth of character that was indissolubly united to him. He was sincere and unfeignedly noble-minded: he might be easily provoked by offence, and forgave easily when his passion had subsided.

His partiality for my mother was very strong; his love was sincere; his house establishment good; and his generosity and gratitude were without bounds. The various duties of life occasioned him much trouble and many cares; but the impressions which they left were obliterated by the tenderness and assiduity of my mother: and thus, as the soft and the strong, with each other mingled, produce the finest harmony of tone, so also the energy of my father's mind and the goodness of his heart, united with the tender gentleness of my mother, caused that mutual excellence whence arose that mutual happiness which was the admiration of all who knew them.

Of such parents, I, as well as two sisters and a brother, had the happiness to be born, and by such parents to be educated. Our education, indeed, was not conducted upon those new principles which have arisen since my absence from Germany. However, as both my parents were possessed of a good understanding and good morals, so they were also considered, in those times, as *rational*; and they united their endeavours so vigorously in this task, that they saw, with pleasure, the gradual success of their labours.

Accurately to comprehend our minds was one of their chief cares; and they strove, according to our different characters, to qualify us for corresponding pursuits in life, and this too without any unnecessary delay. They also accustomed us, from our infancy upwards, to intrepidity, for they considered timidity and fear as magnifying dangers; and even where there were none, they so unfixed the faculties that often a very prudent man acted like a fool under their influence. From our tenderest infancy they strove to make us healthy both in body and mind; and, in order that we might not, like the generality of children, be perpetually plagued with colds, coughs, and catarrhs, we were always, as much as possible, in the open air, or else in what was pure and temperate. We were washed every day, whatever might be the state of the weather. In warm weather, this was done in a brook that flowed by our house; in cold weather, we were dipped into a large tub filled of water. Beer, wine, and brandy were never given to us. Our beverage was pure spring water, and we were not allowed to drink either between or after meals. In the heat of summer we were allowed butter-milk, or the yelk of an egg beat up in water, and, in order that our simple fare might be duly concocted, we never were allowed to be at our studies more than three hours a day till after our eighth year. To this early education I am doubtless indebted for the vigorious constitution that I possess, and without which I could never have undergone half what I have endured, and therefore it is that I have thought it necessary to advert to it.

As my parents were constantly sedulous to unfold the qualities of our minds and bodies, and as they always took care that this unfolding should not be injurious, but applied to such purposes as might be beneficial in future, so they resolved, as we advanced in years, to procure a domestic tutor, who might complete what they had begun, and by which means they might have us under their eye. Such a one, they thought, might become our second father, our instructor in virtue, and their own friend, who would seek to form our hearts to all that was good.

They imagined that the safest way to proceed, in order to obtain such a man, would be to apply to a professor

of any university; and as there was a very near relation of ours, who was a professor at *Griefswalde*, my father wrote to him, told him what he wanted, and what were his intended terms, and also explained his domestic arrangements, and his present mode of educating us. We soon received an answer, in which he felicitated himself that he was so lucky as to find a young man who would completely answer my father's views.

After a few weeks, Mr. REIMANN (for so he was called) arrived. As he promised a great deal at first, nothing of which he accomplished, so he was received, by my parents, as the best friend of their children, and treated as our greatest benefactor. He had a pleasing exterior, and a very prepossessing manner. Perhaps both these had deceived the professor, and induced him to recommend this man whom he probably knew nothing else of but his outside, for he was in no manner fit to pursue that rational and appropriate education which our parents had begun.

To him order, cleanliness, and morality were wholly unknown. He went through his seven hours of teaching mechanically, every day, without any concern whether his instructions were intelligible, whether they were what we needed, or whether they were useful. That curiosity which is so natural to every young contemplator of the world, of knowing the *why* and *wherefore* of things, never incited him to conduct our uninformed minds along a path where we might elicit truths by our own efforts, which would have thrown light upon our knowledge.

The greatest part of the day was spent in Latin; I may say laboriously spent, for the whole instruction consisted in learning words and such like. Had his mode of teaching been appropriate, I should not have mentioned this; for I am firmly convinced that the Greek and Latin languages are what no really learned man can do without, and of which the philosopher and the theologian have as much need as the physician and the lawyer. The Latin language is, and will long remain, the only door through which we must arrive at every species of knowledge. A boy must also learn Latin if it is meant that he should devote himself to any of the learned professions. But a teacher should not, as our's did, occupy the greater part of the day in that single pursuit.

In natural history, which has so many attractions for children, in geography, letter writing, in history, and in a correct pronunciation of our native tongue, nothing was done; in short, his repulsive manner of instruction rather frightened us from study than incited us to it. The smallest mistake was punished with the stick, or with a sound box on the ear, and in this manner a whole half year passed ere our good parents even began to suspect that their intentions respecting us were not likely to be fulfilled; and who knows how long they might have reposed confidence in this hireling, had they not been put on their guard, partly by his own irregular mode of living, and partly by the warning of our new parson.

Soon after the arrival of REIMANN, our parson, whose name was DIEDRICH, a young man, agreeable and entertaining, and a true father of his flock, was put into fear, one Saturday evening, by three thieves, who had stolen into his house and concealed themselves there for some time. He was about thirty-four years old, and unmarried. As he was man of some property, and had a predilection for husbandry, he had purchased the farm on which he lived, and kept no servant but an old housekeeper who was rather deaf. As there was no person therefore on whom he could rely in this affair, and as he already heard the thieves in the adjoining room where the communion plate was kept, he resolved to fasten himself into his own chamber: but when at last they attacked him, and strove to break the door open, he began to cry for help out of the window. Had he cried out *thieves*, and not *fire*, there would have been plenty of those who ran to the alarm ready to seize the depredators; but they escaped, for every one was looking for the fire and nobody for thieves.

This unfortunate accident was followed by sad consequences to the worthy DIEDRICH, and the common people lost in him a man whom they had cause to value in every respect.

The poor and the needy mourned for him especially, for he had taught the religion of love as much in his actions as in his words. The following instance will prove this.

He once visited, as he often used to do, a sick parishioner, and found him on a hard mattrass: he asked him, kindly, where the bed was which he had found him lying upon the last time he saw him? Ah! sighed forth the unfortunate, I was compelled to sell it, to bury my wife with the money: he then asked, whence arose that unpleasant smell in his room? The distressed invalid shewed him, that the corpse of his wife, for want of money to bury her, had been kept in the house too long, and occasioned the smell. DIEDRICH, touched with pity, not only bought him his bed again, but made arrangements for the interment of the deceased, and sent him food and cordials till he was restored to health.

[*To be continued.*]

---

## *On the* IMPROPRIETY *of not using the Letter* "K" *to certain Words.*

"Non sunt contemnenda quasi parva, sine quibus contare magna non possunt."

SIR,

IN submitting the following observations to your attention, and to that of your numerous readers, I am aware that I endeavour to eradicate a custom now grown so inveterate as probably to defy the force of any arguments, however strong, which may be urged in favour of its discontinuance. Of established usage as it has, in general, reason for its foundation, I would not be understood as wishing to diminish the authority: but to custom, when it is found to be arbitrary, capricious, and unsupported by reason, I cannot hesitate to refuse my allegiance, especially in writing or speaking a language. The practice to which I allude is the rejection of the final *k* from the words "publick, musick," &c. Dr. Johnson, from whose decisions, whether in morals or in literature, there seldom lies an appeal, says that "*c*, according to English orthography, never ends a word;" and he has accordingly retained the *k* final throughout his dictionary and writings. To this great authority, I will add that of Dr. Barrow, who, in his book on education, strongly recommends the use of the *k* in terminations. Our excellent grammarian, Murray, says, "Many writers of latter years omit the *k* in words of two or more syllables;" and observes, very judiciously, that "this practice is productive of irregularities, such as writing 'mimic and mimickry,* traffic and trafficking.'" Yet to this custom, "*productive*" as he acknowledges it to be, "of irregularities," which our best grammarians have concurred in their endeavours to diminish, he has, by his practice, added the weight of his authority. But these irregularities have an operation much more extensive than that which Mr. Murray has pointed out. To this, and at the same time to the inconsistency of these writers, I wish to direct your particular attention. They do not reject the *k* from *all* "words of two or more syllables," nor from *any* word of one syllable: thus the advocates for "music, physic, comic, poetic," who nevertheless do not hesitate to write "back, crack, trick, stick, clock, rock," &c. would think it absurd to write "arrac, attac, barrac, ransac, bulloc, hilloc, hammoc, mattoc, haddoc, paddoc:" yet surely the absurdity is not greater or more obvious in one word than in another. I will here give you a very curious specimen of orthography, evidently arising from the innovation of which I now complain. Reading, in a respectable morning paper, a long article, in which the words "traffick and trafficking" frequently occurred, I observed that the *k* was not only struck off from the former, but from the latter. I at first naturally supposed it to be an error of the press; but seeing both

---

* The irregularity here would be better illustrated by substituting the word "mimicking;" for, admitting "mimic" to be the correct orthography, analogy (unless indeed its authority be at once formally, as it has long been virtually, denied) requires that the *k* in "mimickry" be omitted, especially as, in this instance, it is not necessary to the proper sound of the word.

the words still recur in the same form, I concluded that the author, noticing the irregularity of the usual orthography, rather than restore the *k* to the verb, determined on rejecting it from the participle, an absurdity so palpable that it is surprising it could escape even the most careless writer. Even proper names are not secure from this innovation. We already see Frederic, Dominic, Roderic,—then why not Patric? It is, therefore, not improbable but we may soon see "Garric, Derric, Merric, Berwic, Warwic, Limeric, Woodstoc, Tavistoc."

As analogy and etymology are our only guides in orthography, let us not, by forsaking them and following the dictates of caprice, render ineffectual the labours of our "great lexicographer," and of our most eminent grammarians.

If, in your opinion, these remarks are not unworthy of the pages of the Universal Magazine, the insertion of them will greatly oblige

Your admirer and

Frequent reader,

*June* 23, 1809. PHILO.

---

## LOVE *and* LIBERTY?

*Sir*,

IN every stage of life, man is the subject of influence. In many of his movements he is governed, like the brute creation, by mere corporeal or sensual impulse. In others, some ruling passion of the mind regulates his conduct and directs his actions.

Two of these grand moving causes are the love of liberty and the love of woman. The former of these I shall define, a perfect freedom from restraint both of body and mind; but such a freedom as is consistent with the laws of a mild and equitable government, which is absolutely necessary to the very being of true liberty.—The latter principle is too well known to need any explanation.—Every bosom has one time or other felt the pleasing pain: the most savage heart has been subdued by the soft emotion. Let us then consider the influence of each, and endeavour to discover which has the greatest share in determining the actions of mankind.

The love of liberty is a most noble passion, and has frequently stimulated its possessor to the most heroic deeds. In defence of it the sword has been frequently unsheathed, and not a few have preferred a premature death to the highest offices of state under the controul of an arbitrary tyrant. But our business is not to seek for extremes, but to confine ourselves to the general tenor of human life. It is hence we are to draw our conclusions; for here only can we form any just idea of man, and of the principles by which he is actuated.

The love of liberty seems to be a very prevailing passion. In this our highly favoured isle it pervades all ranks: the rich and the poor, the peer and the peasant, seem equally sensible of its value, and combine to defend it from every encroachment. The liberty of his country, of his family, of his friends, is a sacred pledge which heaven has committed to the care of every true born Briton, for which he would cheerfully submit to every privation, would readily make the most costly sacrifices, yea, would willingly spend the last drop of his blood in its defence. This is the only country where liberty is fully enjoyed, and the only place where we can see its genuine effects. In other countries the love of civil liberty is, in a great measure, subdued; a long series of oppression and habits of servility have either annihilated the spirit or made it inactive. The inhabitants have never known its blessings, therefore do not seek the enjoyment of them; or, on the other hand, it has degenerated into a spirit of turbulent democracy, equally subversive of the rights of man.

But the love of personal liberty is common to every man, to whatever nation he may belong, under whatever climate he may be born. A condition of slavery or confinement is repugnant to every faculty of the soul; and that mind must be broken indeed, and lost to every sense of manly feeling, who would not sacrifice a hundred lives, if he possessed them, to obtain his freedom. Man cannot bear restraint in any situation, and the very appearance of it renders

irksome many an employment in which he might otherwise take delight. Look at the active youth just entered on the term of his apprenticeship: how eagerly does he long for the period to arrive when he shall have completed that term and become his own master. To this period he looks forward with anxious expectation, and blesses every revolving sun which brings him nearer the wished-for point.

To what cause can we assign the innumerable classes of mendicants that infest our streets, but to this innate principle of independence and love of liberty. The laws of this country make an ample provision for the wants of every individual; and those who make vagrancy a trade, do it in open violation of them, and are, consequently, liable to punishment. But this is the most trifling, or rather no obstacle in their way. Rather than submit to confinement and restraint within the walls of a workhouse, where they might be warmly clothed and comfortably fed, they prefer a wandering life, exposed to every inclemency of the season, with nothing but hunger and rags, to such a provision with such a restraint.—What an instance do we meet with of the love of liberty in the gypsey tribe. These elude the vigilance of every law, and trample on all the rights of man. Confined to no settled place of abode, they range the country through, and pitch their camps wherever convenience or inclination lead them. They lay every rank of society under a kind of contribution, and what they cannot gain by entreaty, they procure by artifice and fraud.

It is for liberty the labouring kind will toil from morning till night, and sustain the heats of summer and the colds of winter, the chill damps of morning and the scorching blaze of the midday sun, without repining. When he has finished the labour of the day, and the shades of evening approach, he can retire to his humble, peaceful dwelling, with a heart unfettered by any chain, and enjoy that freedom there which the nobleman possesses in his mansion or the king in his palace. Freedom, both of body and mind, is one of the rights of man, and every energy of the soul ought to be called into action to support it.

But the love of liberty, however strong the passion, must yield her share in the government of the human heart to the love of woman. This passion knows no bounds, acknowledges no laws. With a mighty force it breaks through every obstacle that might intervene between the subject of it and the beloved object, and, like a rushing torrent, bears down every thing that would impede its progress. For the love of woman, man would forego his dearest rights, even liberty itself, and voluntarily submit to the most galling yoke. The love of liberty is sometimes subdued; instances of which may be frequently seen among that unfortunate class of mankind, the slaves. Long accustomed to habits of servitude, and to obey the nod of their imperious masters, they forget their natural rights as men, and fully acquiesce in their miserable condition. There may be a few noble spirits among them, whose lofty minds no oppression can tame, nor the severest tortures can subdue: yet instances have not been wanting of those, who, after having been emancipated from slavery, have voluntarily entered it again for a small quantity of spirituous liquors or tobacco. But even in these breasts the love of woman is not subdued. She still holds her empire there, and is frequently the sole directress of his actions.

If we take a view of the married state, we shall find another striking proof of the superior influence of female attractions. When a man enters this important stage of his life, he must renounce a great portion of his liberty, and become the slave of woman. In this condition he must renounce that freedom of mind, that freedom of will, that freedom of affection, that freedom of action, which he before possessed, and must, in a measure, submit them all to the direction of his fair tyrant. With her he must consult in all his undertakings; he must enter into no engagement without her approbation. Not but that, where love abounds, these sacrifices, these concessions will be mutual; but still they must be made in order to secure the happiness of the

married state. Far be it from me to insinuate here, that matrimony is an object to be dreaded on these accounts; neither would I by any means deter man from entering upon it; but, on the contrary, would recommend the union of two kindred souls, ever anxious to promote each other's happiness, as the highest pitch of human felicity. Love will make *such a slavery* delightful, will deem no sacrifice too great to augment the pleasures of the beloved object.

Hence, then, we consider the love of woman to be the more powerful passion, and consequently possesses greater influence over the actions of men. And that however deep the love of liberty may be rooted in the human heart, and whatever sacrifices a man may make for the enjoyment of it, he will make much greater, and even immolate liberty herself, at the shrine of the beloved object.

*London, June* 20, 1809. C. S.

---

EDMUND DE WATTEVILLE. A NORMAN TALE. *Translated from the* GERMAN.

*For the Universal Magazine.*

THE evening began to close, and the lowering clouds threatened an approaching storm, while the keen north wind, which whistled through the leafless branches of the forest, presented an aspect of desolation to the weary traveller. To a mind less hardy than that of EDMUND'S, this would have been sufficient to deter from braving its united horrors by entering, that night, the immense wood which now stretched before him. But he was impelled by a motive superior to any consideration of personal danger; all subordinate apprehensions were absorbed in the greater one of being too late to stop a dreadful sacrifice to resentment.

Thus incited, he spurred his willing steed, and entered at once the gloomy track which lay before him. Unconscious, or fearless of danger, he omitted the precaution of loading the fire-arms which he had about him; he was anxious only to reach the *Chateau de Roubigne*, yet twenty leagues distant, ere sun rise the next morning; for he knew the horrid deed which would be perpetrated should he be later. Let us then leave him for a while pursuing his journey, and take a retrospect of the events which had occurred previously to the present juncture.

*Edmund de Watteville* was the only son of an opulent Norman lord, and he was, consequently, the peculiar object of paternal solicitude and affection. He was educated according to the received modes of his age; and, in conformity to the popular opinion, was taught to consider military prowess as the highest attainable excellence of man. The softer arts of life, and the polish which fits an individual for the more gentle intercourse of society, were entirely neglected; feats of arms, tournaments, battles, sieges, distressed damsels, and infuriate tyrants, glowed in his youthful bosom, and gave a romantic ardour to his thoughts, which held forth a promise of future excellence, beyond what even a fond parent could wish for. He was early distinguished by a spirit of resistance, and a sanguinary severity of resentment, which, in that age, bore the false appellations of *magnanimity* and *honour*. While yet a youth he had signalized himself at the head of a few chosen men, by repelling the attack of a desperate banditti on the estate of a neighbouring lord. But as he advanced in years, his courage became gradually hardened into desperate ferocity, and warlike force obtained for him what might be denied to justice or entreaty.

His father, though he beheld with admiration the martial qualities of his son, yet often reflected with anxiety upon the impetuosity of his temper, which, united with such qualities, might, he feared, lead to the most fatal consequences. Sometimes, indeed, he would endeavour to awaken in the mind of Edmund a sense of the necessity of curbing his passions; but his admonitions were ineffectual, and often drew from the youth some bitter taunt or sarcastic reflection.—"You must be sensible," he would often observe, "how little can be gained by coercion. Force will be repelled by force, and insult by insult; and though superior numbers or courage may for a time enable

you to remain triumphant, yet the injury which is unprovoked can never be forgotten; and those whom you despoil to-day, may in their turn to-morrow despoil you. Remember, that warfare is not the *peculiar* right of *one* man; it is the privilege of all; and he, who, by petty depredations and wanton insults, makes every man his enemy, must expect one day to become the victim of every man's revenge. I would teach you, that forbearance alone can command respect, happiness, or safety; and that a promptitude to support justice, to redress grievances, and to protect virtue, should be united with a heart formed for social happiness, and an understanding willing to discriminate between rectitude and obliquity."

These cautions, however, had but little effect upon the conduct of Edmund. He still gloried in recounting how many had fallen by his arm, and what new attempts he purposed making upon the property of others. His anxious sire beheld with affliction how obnoxious he every day became to the surrounding nobles, and foresaw that a few months would inevitably involve *him* in that ruin which his profligate son was hourly accumulating over his head. Reduced to the last extremity, he resolved to use coercive measures, and however painful to his feelings, yet the general safety of himself and family demanded that he should restrain his licentious conduct. He therefore compelled him to keep within the bounds of his own domain, and by dismissing all his retainers, he reduced him to the necessity of abandoning, at least for a time, his predatory conduct. The fiery youth raged, in vain, at this decree; imperious circumstances demanded it, and the father yielded to no entreaties.

During this restriction many fruitless attempts were made to soften the ferocity of his nature, and to lead him back to reason and humanity. He resisted them all by a sullen silence, which he never broke except when alone. Then, sometimes, he expiated upon the scenes of blood which he would one day triumph in; and often in the height of his savage exultation at imaginary sacrifices, he would dare to intermingle the ideal groans of a murdered father. Giving the rein, one day, to his sanguinary passion, he exclaimed, "Oh Nature! why didst thou not give me power equal to my will? Why was I not rather the aspiring offspring of a regal sire, than of him whom the world now calls my father? I would have been familiar with slaughter, ere the dawn of manhood bloomed upon my cheek. Groans of death should have been the most pleasing music to my ears, and I would have glutted my sight with the writhings of condemned victims, when drops of agony stood upon their brow, and their whole frame shook with the tremblings of convulsed nature.—These *should* have been *my* delight: these *must* be it.—I cannot calm the phrenzy of mind which pants for pleasures congenial to its feelings!"

Such depravity could be restrained by no common means. But he had hypocrisy equal to his other passions, and he at length assumed an apparent tranquillity of mind and deportment, which easily deceived the willing father, who was anxious to believe what he had long wished. Several days elapsed in this manner, during which frequent conversations took place between them. Nothing now appeared which could excite the smallest suspicion as to the truth of the change, and he was finally restored to that perfect liberty which his licentiousness had forfeited.

It was now that he began to reflect how he should resume his former conduct, and yet not expose himself to similar consequences. His retainers were dismissed, his expenses were retrenched, and his actions watched with unceasing attention. Thus circumstanced, he felt it necessary to lull every fear asleep by a continuance of his peaceable deportment. He appeared, therefore, to enjoy with all possible zest the conversation and amusements of his family. He would often join in the chace of the wild boar with his father and the other neighbouring noblemen, and partake with them its various amusements. His evenings he spent in domestic enjoyments, and in the placid occupations of the female part of his family. His mother, ever anxious for the welfare of

her children, beheld with unfeigned rapture this apparent change in her son, while her daughter *Julia de Watteville*, an interesting girl, now in her eighteenth year, yet hoped she mind find a future protection in him when her parents were no more.

Such was the close deception young Edmund was enabled to carry on by his consummate art. But the day was not far distant when all these bright prospects were to be destroyed, and all the fondest hopes of his parents for ever buried.

Among the various noblemen who possessed estates in the spacious forest of *Ardennes*, was the Baron de Lancy, a man of immense possessions and splendid fortune. His magnificence kept pace with his opulence, and he frequently held justs and tournaments in his castle, to which he invited all those whom rank, fortune, or military glory had raised to distinction. On these occasions it was customary for all the most celebrated ladies to be present, and to bestow, after the combat, the meed of victory on the hero who remained triumphant. Such an assemblage of beauty usually inspired the combatants with more than common ardour; and many a knight would rather die upon the field, than suffer his opponent to receive the guerdon. Female ideas were not, in that rough period, of so delicate a cast as now; they could then behold with few emotions of terror, or even pity, the furious clash of arms and streaming gashes of the warlike combatants; anxious only for the safety of him whom they had honoured, from motives of affection, with marks of their esteem. The revolting sentiments which, in this enlightened age, would possess the mind of every British fair, at the sanguinary scenes of slaughter which were then prevalent, would be painful beyond sufferance; and it is, perhaps, not asserting too much to say, that they now feel more sympathy and generous anxiety at the fictitious representations of the theatre, than the ancient warlike dames did at the sanguinary conflicts of romantic ardour.

To return, however, to the subject of my narrative. It happened, about this period, that the Baron had given public intimation of an intended tournament to be held in the castle on the marriage of his youngest daughter, *Emily de Lancy*, to the young *Count Marino*. Every preparation was made to unite splendour with hospitality. Among the illustrious visitors on the occasion were the Baron de Watteville and his family. A greater display of military prowess was expected on this occasion than, perhaps, had ever before dignified the nuptials of any nobleman. Every knight was anxious to retrieve former losses, or to increase former glories. Those who had reaped the highest renown in the field of battle were yet willing to increase it on the present occasion; those who had scarcely ever wielded hostile arms, felt an ambition to become illustrious among the illustrious. Such general ardour was, perhaps, never before excited on a similar occurrence; but the Baron's known liberality, munificence, and hospitality, were such as inspired the coldest bosoms with a desire to distinguish themselves.

Amid this general anticipation of future glory, young Edmund was not inactive. Other motives than the mere impulse of renown actuated his bosom: he had, himself, formerly advanced his pretensions to the hand of Emily. The offer was rejected with some degree of contempt on her part, and with coolness on that of the Baron's. But Edmund, unused to brook contradiction, or to be repulsed in the pursuit of any object he had once assimilated to his mind as necessary to his happiness, persisted in his importunities till they became disgusting to the one and insolent to the other. Finding it impossible to advance his suit with any prospect of success, he, as usual, determined to employ force and art to effect his designs. He justly suspected a rival to be the cause of his rejection, and the very idea was sufficient to awaken in his bosom the most hateful passions. Resolved to ascertain the truth of his suspicions, he began to devise means by which to arrive at that certainty. Bribery, he knew, was one effectual method, and sometimes the shortest. This he tried, and played off his golden artillery upon the feeble resistance of a do-

mestic in the Baron de Lancy's service. This man, whose name was Gasparo, he allured over to his interests, and made him instrumental in his designs, not only of ascertaining the fact, but of revenging it when ascertained.

Having, by the intervention of this faithless servant, gained admission secretly into the garden, he concealed himself behind some trees, so that he might be unobserved, and yet watch all the motions of those whom he suspected. He had learned that it was their principal amusement, in an evening, to walk and discourse on themes of love and future bliss. Edmund, like another Satan, resolved, though he could not himself enjoy, yet to blast the enjoyments of others, and he wished to learn *who* this successful rival was, that he might sacrifice him, *not* to his jealousy, but to his sanguinary passions. His actions did not proceed from the feelings of an injured man, wounded in that peace of heart which a beloved mistress alone could give; they were the result of a more than fiend-like ferocity, which murdered the happiness it could not reach.

He waited impatiently for their approach; and his impatience heightened his resentment. At length he heard the distant murmur of voices; they drew nearer, and he perceived, indistinctly, forms approaching. The tumult of his soul arose; and as they approached, irresolute and weak, he knew not how to act; whether to rush like a lion on his unguarded victim, or to dog him to a place of more convenient sacrifice. While he was thus debating within himself, they approached nearly opposite the spot where he lay concealed: their conversation was now distinct, and, before he could justly discriminate who they were, the following words caught his eager attention:—"I tell you, Edmund never shall possess her; my dagger should sooner drink his heart's blood, than he disgrace my family by an alliance." As these words were uttered, they turned into another path, and were out of sight in a moment.

[*To be continued.*]

---

VOYAGE *from* PORT JACKSON *to* PRINCE OF WALES'S ISLAND.—*Extracted from the Letters of a Lady.*

WE sailed from Port Jackson on Thursday evening, the 21st of April, 1803, with a division of the New South Wales corps, their wives and children, a number of prisoners with their families, and a quantity of stores, for Norfolk island. The number of our officers was the same as when we left England, with the addition of a second lieutenant. The greatest regularity is observed, and every one appears comfortable, cheerful, and happy.

Our passage to Norfolk island was boisterous and tedious. Anne was as sea-sick as ever, and confined to her bed almost the whole way. We arrived off the island on Sunday morning, May the 8th. The cutter and jolly-boat were immediately hoisted out, and the passengers landed at Carcade with great expedition, notwithstanding there was no vestige remaining of a wharf that had been constructed there, and the surf made landing on the rocks very unsafe.—Although I received, by the return of the boats, a terrific account of the dangers attending the passage over a long, narrow plank, placed over a chasm in the rocks, a fall from which would be inevitable destruction, my desire to go on shore predominated over every fear, and a few hours afterwards I obtained a reluctant permission to land. Equipping myself therefore in a habit, whilst Nanny put up a few things in a trunk, I reconciled my darling boy to my absence, by promises of the fine things I should bring from the shore, and at four o'clock left the ship with my brother in a boat, of which the master took charge.

I have before informed you of there being no harbour or good anchorage for shipping at Norfolk island. We had to row for some distance in a very rough sea. When we reached the landing place, a rope, made fast to a ring at the stern of the boat, was held by the other end by the people on shore, who, at the favourable juncture for landing, bawled out, as the surf receded,

"now, now, now." Eagerly, in my turn, obeying this signal, I somehow drew the rope with such force after me, that, catching the master under the chin, it jerked his head over the side of the boat, and threw his feet up into the air: luckily the people in the boat caught hold of his legs, or he would have been overboard. The fright I had then accidentally given the old sailor, with the ludicrous circumstances attending it, made me laugh, and, together with the impetuosity with which it was necessary to land, drove all thoughts of the danger of crossing the plank out of my head till I was fairly over it, escorted by my companions. We set off for Sydney, and by the time we had got half way the moon rose, and made the remainder of the walk truly delightful. The scenery around was romantic, the road running between pine-trees, which rise to a majestic height. One of these was cut down whilst I was at Norfolk island, and measured three hundred and eighty feet in length. As we approached Sydney we were met by Colonel Foveaux, who has been governor here for some time; who very politely welcomed us on shore.

The next morning, Monday, several gentlemen accompanied me to see the new government-house, building under the direction of the lieutenant governor. It will be a large and substantial house, pleasantly situated on a gentle eminence, commanding a view of the town of Sydney, Turtle bay, and Nepean and Phillip islands. On these islands there are a variety of choice shells, but difficult to be got at, on account of their adhering to sharp rocks that prevent the use of the dredge.

Returning from our walk, the signal was made for another ship being in sight. In the afternoon a boat from the strange sail brought intelligence of her being the Alexander, whaler, Capt. Rhodes, from New Zealand, returning to Port Jackson.

This morning I walked as far as Queenbury, a few huts scattered in a vale, which do not deserve the name of a village; but their situation is beautiful and romantic; the steep hills on each side of the valley affording rich pasture, or yielding luxuriant crops of Indian corn. A charming shady walk between banana-trees winds for some distance round the bottom of the hills, and leads to a hut belonging to government, and a garden that produces as fine oranges as those at Rio de Janeiro.

The governor having been at the trouble of getting his single horse chaise (the only carriage in the island, and which had been for some time out of repair) put to rights to accommodate me, I set out immediately after breakfast the next morning on a ride to Carcade, accompanied by a lady in the chaise, and three gentlemen on horseback. I have already given a description of this road as it appeared when I walked it by moonlight, but one of its chief beauties I could not at that time discern. The vines of a lively green, bearing a delicate lilac flower, in shape resembling the convolvulus, creeping round the trunks of the lofty pines, joined together in many parts, and hanging down between them in festoons, have an elegant effect. There is likewise growing in great abundance a dark green shrub, with a large glossy leaf, containing a poisonous juice. From the summit of the hill, on the Carcade side, there is a pretty view of the village of Phillipburg in a valley with the hills bordering on the sea, of which there is an extensive prospect between seven sugar-loaf eminences.

The chief purport of my visiting Carcade was to call on Mrs. F. and to introduce the lady that accompanied me to her, with the hope that her society might be soothing to her wounded mind, and help to soften this seclusion from her native country and a number of respectable friends. Mr. F. I have been informed, was most unjustly sent from Ireland, during the disturbances four years ago, on a groundless suspicion of sedition, and was, without any trial, banished to New South Wales for life. Government have lately taken his case into consideration, and have appointed him to the clerical duty of Norfolk island, with a salary of 150*l.* per annum. Mrs. F. is sister to an eminent divine of Dublin: she resisted the united entreaties of her friends to remain, and with a

child of two years old followed her husband into banishment. A settled dejection appears on both their countenances, and his health is at times so much affected, that I think there is little probability of his continuing long in this world. Mrs. F. had been brought to bed only a week before of a lovely boy, which, with a little girl, constituted her family, having lost the son she had in Ireland and one she had at Port Jackson by the dysentery. I hope you will pardon my dwelling so long upon these circumstances, when you reflect how much my feelings were interested in their unfortunate destiny.

By the time we returned to Sydney our ship was lying off the town, at the distance of two miles, the landing being better on that side than at Carcade, but as there was a considerable surf I had not any idea of embarking; therefore, after dining with an agreeable party, we were just setting out to take an afternoon's walk, when the cutter came on shore, with the master, and brought a letter with information that they only waited my return on board to sail, and a request that, if the surf did not run high, I would come off in the cutter. The governor thought I might go off very safely in his whale-boat with his men, but objected to the cutter and the hands in her, who were unaccustomed to the place. After a few moments consideration I determined to go off, and accepted the governor's offer of his whale-boat, though it was with some difficulty that I resisted the solicitations of my friends on shore to stay all night. I walked down to the beach; but just as we reached it, a violent surf came rolling over the very rocks on which the Sirius was wrecked, which recurring at the moment to my recollection, intimidated me a little, though not so much as it did the female friends who were with me, and who entreated me to return and relinquish all thoughts of going for that night; but my mind being made up, I received and returned many kind adieus, and stepped into the boat with my brother, who had been instructed to place my back to the surf till we got beyond the reef of rocks. The coxswain, who was reckoned the most skilful mariner upon the island, gave the word of command, the eight oars made a long stretch, and instantly the boat was almost up an end, then descended, and in this manner surmounted the foaming surge, without any further inconvenience than the unpleasant sensation it excited, and our getting a little wet from the surf. When the boat had quite cleared the reef, the crew lay on their oars and gave three cheers, which was answered from the shore by all the officers, &c. who remained standing on the beach till they saw us out of danger. We had now three miles to row in the open sea, but the evening being very favourable we reached the ship at sunset in perfect safety. I only detained the boat to reward the men for their trouble, and to write a few lines, and then arranged every thing for our departure the moment the cutter with the master and purser returned, for which we were very impatient, and wished to put an end to the anxiety which must always prevail from the perilous situation all ships are in at that place. A signal gun was fired to hasten their return; but there was no appearance of the boat till nine o'clock the next morning, when she came off, and informed us that the surf had risen so high in the evening, before the boat that brought me off returned, that the coxswain was washed overboard three times, my letter lost, and the boat very nearly wrecked; so that the cutter could not venture off till morning. No shore-boat being off, we were prevented from having any further intercourse at this time with the inhabitants of Norfolk island, and the wind being favourable for our departure, we lost sight of land in a few hours. W.

[*To be continued.*]

---

## *On the* CONDUCT *of Lady* M. W. MONTAGUE *towards* H. FIELDING.

*Sir,*

THE sensibility of Lady Montague is generally supposed to have been equal to her wit. A higher encomium could scarcely be passed, for in wit she certainly was not inferior to any of her sex. It is with reluctance that I point to Lady

Mary's conduct, in regard to Henry Fielding, as a proof that she could be disdainful and unfeeling; but a just appreciation of characters, which are held forth for public applause, is so necessary to the welfare of the moral world, that my presumption in this particular must need little apology.

Henry Fielding was second cousin to Lady Montague, both being descended in the same degree from George Fielding, Earl of Desmond. In addition to his claim on the score of affinity, Fielding's pretensions, as a gentleman and a wit, were assuredly sufficient to entitle him to the same consideration bestowed on Pope; but these two writers appear to have been received by her ladyship in very different methods. Pope was admitted to an extreme of familiarity, and his letters are written in a correspondent strain of confidence. Fielding waited at her door, as the poet attends his patron, and concludes a letter, which appears expressive of his usual manner to Lady Mary, in these words:—"I shall do myself the honour of calling at your ladyship's door to-morrow, at eleven, which, if it be an improper hour, I beg to know from your servant what other time will be more convenient." The man thus liable to rejection, and thus distant in mode of address, was *her cousin*, and of high rank in letters; but he was necessitous. Pope, whose epistles denote the acknowledged consequence of the writer, and who could readily appoint the proper hours for the lady to *call on him*, was rich. There lay the most important difference; for ladies of wit and sensibility, like the common world, are fond, it seems, of a gilded toy.

Throughout every letter in which Lady Mary mentions Fielding, she is entirely silent on the relationship that existed between them; and her ladyship admired his talents; but then she knew his poverty. "Since I was born," she observes in a letter to her daughter, "no original has appeared, excepting Congreve and Fielding, who would, I believe, have approached nearer to his excellencies if not forced by necessity to publish without correction, and throw many productions into the world, he would have thrown into the fire, if meat could have been got without money, or money without scribbling. The greatest virtue, justice, and the most distinguished prerogative of mankind, writing, when duly executed, do honour to human nature; but when degenerated into trades, are the most contemptible way of getting bread."

Her ladyship regrets the death of Fielding, but merely as a writer, and as a being that relished existence.—Lady Mary Wortley Montague appears at one period to have been afraid, and at another ashamed, to own for a cousin the author of Tom Jones! "I am sorry," writes Lady Mary, "for H. Fielding's death, not only as I shall read no more of his writings, but I believe he lost more than others, as no man enjoyed life more than he did, though few had less reason to do so; the highest of his preferment being raking in the lowest sinks of vice and misery. His happy constitution (even when he had with great pains half demolished it) made him forget every thing when he was before a venison pasty, or over a flask of champaigne: and I am persuaded he has known more happy moments than any prince upon earth. His natural spirits gave him rapture with his cook-maid, and cheerfulness when he was starving in a garret."

It may be averred that the dissipated habits of Fielding rendered him an improper intimate for a lady, but still he was entitled to the consideration due to a relation and a man of genius. The frequent low pleasures in which Fielding was accustomed to indulge may, perhaps, in some part be attributed to the scantiness of his finances. Lady Montague was connected with many persons of consequence and power. Through the medium of these she might have recommended her cousin to the notice of the court, and have given him an opportunity of proving that he was as well calculated to be an honour to his family in point of general demeanor, as from poignancy of wit and fertility of imagination.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

J. N. B.

## *A* LETTER, *addressed to Dr.* LETTSOM, *upon the* FORMATION *of an* APIARIAN SOCIETY.

*Sir,*

BEING personally unknown to you, I have chosen this respectable Magazine as the medium to address you on a subject, the utility and importance of which, I believe, few words will be necessary to substantiate, and one in which I know that you are in a degree interested. I allude to the more general encouragement and diffusion of the culture of the bee. It cannot have escaped your notice, that the attention which is paid to that invaluable insect is in no proportion to its intrinsic worth, and that, as a branch of rural economy, it suffers an undeserved neglect. The farmer who neglects to provide himself with a proper proportion of hives is blind to his own interest, and suffers a source of wealth to flow past him unregarded and unenjoyed.

The English peasant should profit by the example of the Scotch; for taking Scotland and England together, the proportion of hives in the former to the latter is as ten to four. In the former, the utility and profit of the apiary is acknowledged and attended to; in the latter, amusement and curiosity appear to be the aim.

The chief purport, however, of the present letter is, by a few hints, to draw your attention to the formation of an apiarian society, for the purpose of investigating the natural economy of the bee, and of promoting the culture of it, especially amongst the cottagers. The indifference which is shewn by that numerous class of people to the cultivation of the bee proceeds partly from their ignorance of the profit which would accrue to them from a very limited apiary, and from their inability to spare even the little sum which is requisite for the purchase of the first hive. To obviate the latter difficulty would be one of the objects of the society; and in regard to the former, I know your knowledge of human nature to be sufficiently great to know that you have only to point out to a man a source of wealth, and he will fly to it with the avidity of the thirsty wanderer to the limpid spring.

An apiarian society offers to the patriot and the philanthropist the most cheering prospects, without derogating from your title to the former character; as the latter, you stand most conspicuous. To the patriot it would be a pleasing reflection, that by his endeavours he was opening the resources of his own country, that he was turning the stream of its wealth into its proper channels, and preventing near 30,000*l.* a year being sent to another country for a commodity which could be reared with as great facility in his own, and of a quality by far superior.

To the philanthropist it would be a subject of exultation, when he reflected, that by his exertions he was promoting the health and welfare of his fellow creatures, by procuring for all classes and denominations a wholesome food and a delicious beverage, and which would prove an excellent substitute for the vile and adulterated composition which is called beer. It were needless to enumerate to you, being a professional person, the medicinal and wholesome qualities of honey, and the exhilirating and healthful qualities of mead; the longevity of the Scotch, the health and robustness of their children, whose stomachs are not poisoned with rancid butter, will sufficiently testify both, and render the culture of the bee an object worthy of the consideration of every friend of the human race.

At the same time that the members of an apiarian society were promoting the cultivation of the bee to themselves, it would be a source of uncommon delight to unite their respective abilities to the further improvement of the management of the apiary, to the discovery of the natural economy of the bee, and, by a diffusion of their scientific knowledge, render an apiary the source of delight and profit to others. It would be in itself no common reward for their labours, if, by a promulgation of an approved method of taking the honey from the bees, they could annihilate the barbarous custom of smoking them, and thereby save the lives of so many valuable servants.

You cannot be ignorant that we are yet far removed from a complete knowledge of the internal economy of the bees; and I must allow, that certain parts of it are so wrapt in almost impenetrable darkness, as to baffle the exertions and acuteness of the most indefatigable apiarian, yet that very difficulty were with me rather an incentive than an obstacle to the formation of an apiarian society; for, by the united efforts of its members, many secrets in the economy of the bees might be discovered, which require only to be known to be admired, and the elucidation of which would be of great advantage in the culture of them.

For a number of years bees have been with me a favourite study; but I confess that, after all the experiments I have tried, to the total destruction of many valuable hives, I am still, in certain points, as ignorant as at the commencement of my studies: for after all the fanciful theories of many apiarians, who have favoured the world with their lucubrations, and which are like so many will-o-wisps, which lead you into error, the gender even of the bees and their method of propagation are mysteries which I cannot solve.

Pliny says in lib. 10, cap. 9, that Aristomachus Solensis passed sixty-two years of his life in the study of bees, and D. Moses Pflacher in post-ill, fol. 480, says that Aristodemus, a highly celebrated philosopher, passed twenty years in the same study. It might be supposed by many, that at the expiration of sixty-two years, an apiarian would have attained to a full knowledge of his subject; but the examination into the natural economy of the bee is attended with such discouraging obstacles, that it requires a person to be an enthusiast in the study to make even the most limited progress, and indeed without a large portion of enthusiasm no person can make a skilful apiarian.

It has often been a matter of surprise with me, that in England, where rural economy is more studied than in any other country in the world, so little attention should be paid to a branch, which is certainly not the last, either in a national point of view, or in individual advantage; for if the position be just, that the value of a thing is to be estimated by the space of time which is required to attain it, an apiary would then stand the first in the scale of comparative profit. In Germany, where science in rural economy moves with the pace of a stage waggon up a hill, the improvement in the management of bees has nevertheless proceeded with hasty strides; and this improvement is to be attributed to the formation of apiarian societies, and the consequent diffusion of practical knowledge.—The present Duke of Brunswick is the president of the first apiarian society which was formed, and the efforts of the members of the society to extend the cultivation of the bee have been crowned with success.—In Scotland are many patriotic characters, who would glad join in the formation of an apiarian society; and I believe it would not be difficult to draw the attention of the patrons of the agricultural societies to the subject, and to receive not only their sanction but their assistance.

The limits to which I must necessarily confine myself prevent me now from entering into a more explicit detail of the plan which I have suggested for the society; but should you from these cursory remarks think the subject worthy of a serious consideration, or in its nature feasible, the utmost assistance to the formation of the society will be given by

Sir, your humble servant,

R. H.

---

## *On the* Summation *of* Infinite Series.

Mr. Editor,

As no subject, among mathematicians, has engaged greater attention than the summation of what are termed infinite series, or demands, in its successful prosecution, a greater share of abstraction and ability; so few branches have been entered upon by the student with more trembling anxiety than this. That the accurate summation of an infinite number of terms in an arithmetical or geometrical progression, the last term of which the nature of the series for ever pre-

cludes the possibility of arriving at, should *primâ facie* appear absurd and impossible, can excite no surprise. Accustomed, in arithmetical computations, to the summation of a certain and determinate number of terms, each of which are either separately and distinctly known, as in ordinary addition, or to the summation of a limited number of terms in various kinds of progressions, where we receive among the data the first and last term of the series, and the ratio, the mind cannot easily free itself from those shackles which such limitations naturally impose upon it; we enter upon such calculations, as persons emerging from the narrow confines of arithmetic, to embark on the sea of geometry or algebra, there used to measure every dimension by running the rule or rod along it; while here the immensity of the altitudes and distances to be estimated rendering such means of obtaining them impracticable, no wonder the mind at first, from the inadequacy of its usual resources, contemplates with dismay its novel situation. However, as some ideas on the interesting subject of the present paper, (viz. the summation of infinite series) may be acquired by any person moderately skilled in fractional arithmetic, I shall endeavour in this, and a succeeding paper, to explain the means employed for the addition of series in as clear a manner as I can: but, before entering upon this subject, it will be necessary to explain the term Infinite, as used in a mathematical sense; what kind of series are immeasurable; and what are those whose sums may be discovered.

The indifferent use of many words in common life, and their technical employment in the sciences, as, in their general acceptation, they are often loosely understood, while the accuracy of scientific definition requires they should be restricted and defined, a source of inconvenience arises which much embarrasses the mind unaccustomed to that accurate definition the sciences demand. Thus the words a point or line, though every person imagines he understands them, and so far as it relates to their ordinary acceptation, they may be correct; yet a mathematical point or a line, having no prototype in nature, being purely ideal and abstract, is not so generally conceived of. Is not the ordinary ideas affixed to multiplication, by persons ignorant of fractions, that of the increase of one number by means of another, and yet, that nothing can be more partial or incorrect, the multiplication of pure fractions clearly demonstrate; so the ideas of an arithmetician upon the operations of addition and subtraction (as he is accustomed to them) fetter and embarrass his mind when he has occasion to consider them in their more enlarged and philosophical acceptation, in the practice of Algebra. Nor is the lax employment of certain philosophical terms in common life, the only ambiguity: the same word is frequently employed in different sciences under different acceptations; for example,—the term infinite occurs both in metaphysics and the mathematics; but the metaphysical definition by no means accord with its signification in the latter science. The schoolmen have been accustomed, when treating on other modes of existence or being, than God's, to define the one *infinitum a parte post*, and the other *infinitum a parte ante*; the former relating to that which has a commencement but no termination, that is, infinite in duration; and the latter, to that which, on the contrary, has no beginning, but has an end. Now this latter is utterly repugnant to all those ideas on what is termed an infinite series, not only wanting any property of it, but directly opposed to it; and the former, though it may agree in one property, in its other, contradicts all our reasoning on the subject of mathematical series; for it is plain the imagination can reach to no limits in a decreasing series, nor can it for the summation of such a series assign the number of its terms, as will be seen presently by adducing an example; and yet, though the terms of such a series are actually infinite, its sum is equal to a determinate and finite number, because such a sum may be assigned to it, that no limited number of its terms, however far extended, can ever reach to, and yet so far approach this assigned value as to want less than any assignable difference.

Now, though the operation for finding the value of the series, from the impossibility of numerically assigning and adding all its parts, differs materially from ordinary addition, yet the result will be the same, as it would be were it possible to make this addition in the ordinary way.—In an infinite series, increasing by an equal ratio or difference, a little consideration will suffice to convince us of the impossibility of even approximating to a sum which can have no existence, since we can constantly carry on the progression till the last term of any finite number, if its terms shall exceed any given sum, how great soever it may be. These kinds of progressions, then, are not the subjects of summation, but less, as convert $\frac{1}{3}$ into a decimal, and we obtain 3 3 3, &c. &c. *ad infinitum*, or $\frac{3}{10}+\frac{3}{100}+\frac{3}{1000}$, &c. &c.; and the theorem known to every arithmetician for the amount of any finite number of its terms will be equal to the product of the first term into the ratio, less the last term divided by the ratio less one, or summarily expressed $\frac{AR-Z}{R-1}=S$, where A=first term, R=ratio, Z=last term, and S=sum: but it has been observed, Z=last term of a decreasing series, by continuing the series, may be made less than any given number, which is, in reality, reducing it to 0; rejecting, therefore, this term, we reduce the theorem to this $\frac{AR}{R-1}$ which is in words saying the sum of this infinite series is equal to the product of the first term and ratio, divided by the ratio less one; and further, to remove the impression of any error arising from the dividend being too great, by rejecting the last unassignable term Z, it may be proved that no finite number of the terms of the series can ever equal that quotient, yet no number less than the quotient can ever equal the sum of the series; for, as it has been observed, by continuing the series, Z may become less than any assignable number, so the difference between the two theorems $\frac{AR}{R-1}$ and $\frac{AR-Z}{R-1}$ will also be less than any assignable difference; therefore assuming the quotient of the former theorem as exceeding the true sum, yet its excess must be less than any assignable difference; consequently, as this is a difference, which is in reality equal to 0, no sum less than the former quotient can be equal to the required sum.

Applying this theorem, then, to the series under discussion, we shall have $R=\frac{1}{10}$; $A=\frac{3}{10}$; $R-1=\frac{9}{10}$ and $R\times A=\frac{1}{10}\times\frac{3}{10}=\frac{3}{100}=\frac{1}{30}$ dividing by $R-1$; $\frac{3}{30}\times\frac{1}{9}=\frac{3}{9}=\frac{1}{3}$. Now this example will satisfy the most scrupulous as to the accuracy of the result, since we see here a finite quantity converted into an infinite series, and which series summed up according to the given theorem again, giving the finite number from whence it is derived; so that the preceding reasoning is fully sustained by the practice of the rule derived therefrom, and the propriety of regarding the last term, or Z, as of no value clearly demonstrated.

That persons who profess to write on the subject of arithmetic, and especially oppugn some of its established canons, should understand the nature of these operations is clear from some observations which have lately appeared in a work of arithmetic, and which I have had occasion to notice elsewhere. In regard to the ordinary practice of circulating decimals, this author affirms the ordinary rule for adding compound repetends to be erroneous, from his having observed that in one example the result came out a series of nines, instead of unity as he expected: but had he known the former expression to have been synonimous with the latter, the world might have remained ignorant of his discovery; but his reputation would not have suffered by its concealment.

But, to return; if the mind is still embarrassed with the rejection of a certain imaginary number as too gratuitous for the rigorous demonstrations which the mathematics require; we can, however, arrive by more direct means to a similar result. Let the series $1+\frac{1}{2}+\frac{1}{4}+\frac{1}{8}+\frac{1}{16}$, &c. *ad inf.* be assumed, which may be rendered into a relative question thus;—A. receives of B. the sum of 2*l.* on condition he binds himself and heirs, for ever, to the repayment of the same

in the following manner,—1*l.* to be paid the first day, 10*s.* the second day, 5*s.* the third day, 2*s.* 6*d.* the fourth day; thus continuing for ever paying each succeeding day one-half of what was paid the day preceding. Quere, who had the advantage, the borrower or the lender? Answer, the borrower: since, if we imagine the daily payments thus continued for ever, the lender or his heirs could only receive the sum borrowed, without interest, and if we assign any limit to these payments, or take any finite number of the terms of the series, the lender would receive less than the sum due: here, by the first theorem, $R=\frac{1}{1}$; $R-1=\frac{1}{1}$; and $A=1$; and the product of the first term into the ratio, divided by the ratio less one, will give 2, the sum borrowed. But let us assign an imaginary value to this series, and call the same S, and it will stand thus: $1+\frac{1}{2}+\frac{1}{4}+\frac{1}{8}+\frac{1}{16}$, &c. *ad infi.*$=S$; then $\frac{1}{2}+\frac{1}{4}+\frac{1}{8}+\frac{1}{16}$, &c. *ad infi.*$=S-1$; for whatever the sum of the former series may be, the latter wanting the first term of the series, will want the same in its sum, that is, its sum will be one less than that of the former series, or $S-1$. By subtracting each term of the latter series from the correspondent terms of the former, we obtain $\frac{1}{2}+\frac{1}{4}+\frac{1}{8}+\frac{1}{16}$, &c. *ad infi.* for $1-\frac{1}{2}=\frac{1}{2}$; $\frac{1}{2}-\frac{1}{4}=\frac{1}{4}$; $\frac{1}{4}-\frac{1}{8}=\frac{1}{8}$, &c.; now it is plain that $\frac{1}{2}+\frac{1}{4}+\frac{1}{8}$, &c. which is the difference between the two series, must be equal to the difference between their respective values, which is 1; but the difference thus obtained by the subtraction of the two series, is similar in the order of its terms to the progression, whose value we are endeavouring to search out, and only wanting the first term to be equal to it; adding, therefore, the term which is wanted, we have Q, the sum of the required series. To render this operation still plainer to persons unacquainted with algebra, shall be the subject of my succeeding paper, should you deem this deserving a place in your respectable publication.

I remain, Sir, &c.

J. HARRIS.

*Prospect-Row, Walworth,*
*June* 21, 1809.

## *On the* WORD "THAT," *and the* ETYMOLOGY *of the* WORD "WICKELM."

SIR,

GIVE me leave, through the channel of your useful and entertaining Magazine, to refer your correspondents Wm. Jase and C. L. (see p. 399), for a more full explanation of the word *that*, to the very learned and ingenious work, entitled, *Επεα πτεροεντα, or Diversions of Purley, by John Horne Tooke*; in the first volume of which work a separate chapter is appointed to the consideration of the meaning and etymology of the word *that*: the same word is also treated of in the second volume, at the end of which there is a verbal index.

I shall be obliged to any of your correspondents, who can give me the etymology of the word *wick-elm*, a name given to a particular kind of *elm tree* well known; this word, in Bacon's *Sylva Sylvarum*, is spelled *weeck-elm*.

I remain, Sir, your's, &c.

A. E.

*London, June* 28, 1809.

## MR. BURDON *on* GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE.

SIR,

A FEW years since, the remains of Gothic architecture in Britain were neither regarded nor understood; they are now studied with an avidity proportionate to their merits, and every thing which can throw light on the origin and progress of the art seems to be received by amateurs with thankfulness and attention.

The invention of the pointed arch has for some time been attributed to English artists, and the claim has remained undisputed, till within these few weeks a book has been published as the posthumous remains of a Mr. Whittington; who, from his knowledge and admiration of the French stile of architecture, has been led to deny that merit to the English which to me they seem to deserve. The preface of the noble editor, Lord Aberdeen, must first be considered, before I offer any arguments to combat the opinion of the book itself;

and, in this preface, his Lordship takes occasion to remark, that though the author lived not to finish the third division of his book, he is enabled to add his opinion, transcribed from another place; which he does in the space of one page, and then attempts to support it by conjectures of his own. "In the twelfth century," the author tells us, "a new character of building suddenly arose, and spread itself over the greater part of christendom." Now I deny that this new style of building sprung up suddenly, in England at least; for its first dawning is to be found in the reign of Henry First, and it did not entirely banish the stile which preceded it till the latter end of Henry Second, nor find its completion till the commencement of the reign of Henry Third.—"I am of opinion, says Mr. W., that this stile is of eastern extraction, and was imported by the Crusaders into the western part of the world." His opinion is not supported by a single argument, and is contradicted by the positive evidence of facts; for, both Bentham and Grose have proved by the most intelligent travellers into the east, Norden, Pocock, Shaw, and Le Brun, and Swinburne into Spain, that most of the Persian, Saracenic, and Moorish buildings, whose dates can be ascertained, were built at a period much later than the adoption of the pointed arch in England; and we have a right to infer from the dates of those that are known, that the rest were not much older, at least it is not fair to affirm that they are.

The assertion above mentioned, I need not take much more trouble to refute; for it is refuted by the author himself. Mr. W. in p. 87, conjectures "that the pointed arch arose from the casual intersections of a semicircular arcade." I have attempted to put this into plain English, as Mr. W.'s mode of expressing it is nearly unintelligible. To support his conjecture he refers to his remarks on the church of St. Denys, where he repeats the same idea suggested by a similar species of arcade, and also to Gostling's Walk round Canterbury. The idea has no great merit, because it has before suggested itself to many others, and among them to myself, as will be seen by a reference to your Magazine for November, 1808.

In pages 109, 110, he attempts to invalidate the claim of our English artists to the introduction of the pointed arch, and asserts that in the reign of Henry the Second, the mixed style of round and pointed arches was first introduced as practised in the Abbott Suger's works in France before that period; that is to say, from the year 1137, the time at which he began the cathedral of St. Denys. Now, though it is not a matter of any great moment whether the English borrowed it from the French, or the French from the English, or whether they both stumbled upon it nearly at the same period, by observing the casual intersection of a semicircular arcade, it is certainly but doing justice to our countrymen, or rather to the Normans who were the chief architects at that time, to prove that the pointed arch was most certainly used in England, though mixed with the semicircular, before the year 1137, that is to say, very early in the twelfth century.

To any man, not prepossessed to the contrary, the church of St. Cross affords sufficient evidence of the complete pointed arch being used in the original building. The south transept and the north door contain three arches supported by the Norman pillars when they began to be clustered. St. Cross was founded in 1132. The whole of what Dr. Milner has asserted with regard to this church seems to me incontrovertible, except that it does not afford the first specimen of the pointed arch, for there are many others undoubtedly earlier, and some, of which the dates are doubtful. The ruins of Castle Acre Priory in Norfolk contain four pointed arches and part of another, in the west front; but on these I should not much insist as evidence, because that in these the great west door has certainly been formed subsequent to the original building, and the great window above the door, from the remnants which it shews of tracery and mullions, is certainly of a later date, though the two arches at the top on the south side of the great window can hardly be supposed to have been afterwards inserted. The building itself was begun by Earl

Warren, in 1085, and probably finished before 1100. The ruins of Furness Abbey, in Lancashire, contain many pointed arches, and that noble edifice was founded by Stephen Earl of Boulogne, afterwards king, and in the 20th year of Henry First, or 1126.—Here, then we have the pointed arch complete before the work of Suger at St. Denys.

Lanercost Priory, in Cumberland, affords another proof of pointed arches before they were to be found in France. It was founded in 1116, as may be seen by an inscription in the church of the monastery. Fountains Abbey, in Yorkshire, was founded in 1132, by the monks of St. Mary's, in York, and the nave of the church is wholly in the stile of pointed arches on the cylindrical pillar; and, wherever this is seen, it is with me an incontestible proof of a foundation in the reign of Henry First. In the same style is the nave of Malmsbury, founded about the same time, by Moyer, Bishop of Salisbury. The round church at Northampton, and a church at Thundersly, in Essex, have also the pointed arch on the cylindrical pillar. Lantony Abbey, in Monmouthshire, was founded about 1103; the lower tier of arches in the nave are all pointed, the upper all round: there can be no doubt which were first built, and therefore they form a proof positive.

A further search into our ecclesiastical antiquities might produce further evidence of the early origin of the pointed arch in England; to make this requisite we must have some stronger arguments against it; and, as these are not likely to be produced, I trust the controversy will henceforth cease, at least till facts can supplant all other evidence. The English antiquaries have not claimed the name of English for any other style than that which is found in England.

I remain, &c.

W. BURDON.

*Hartford, near Morpeth,*
*July 5, 1809.*

---

*To the Editor of the Universal Mag.*

SIR,

THE following letter from Mr. WILLIAM SAMPSON, the celebrated Irish expatriated barrister, not having been published in England, I send to you, as a treat for yourself and readers. It is printed at the close of a work, read with great avidity throughout America, entitled "Memoirs of William Sampson, including particulars of his adventures in various parts of Europe: his confinement in the dungeons of the inquisition in Lisbon, &c. &c. Several original letters; being his correspondence with the ministers of state in Great Britain and Portugal: a short sketch of the history of Ireland, particularly as it respects the spirit of British domination in that country; and a few observations on the state of manners, &c. in America.

"New York: printed for the author, by George Forman, 64, Water-street. 1807."

I send you the whole title, that your readers, who may have it in their power, may procure the most interesting work extant.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

CLIO RICKMAN.

*A* LETTER *from* NEW YORK *to the Right Hon. Lord* S——R, *his Britannic Majesty's principal Secretary of State for the Home Department.*

MY LORD,

ACCORDING to your orders, I was landed in this city, on the 4th of July, 1806, by Captain Sutton of the Windsor Castle. I was sorry his Majesty's ministers had judged it unsafe that I should be at Halifax, as I had need to recruit my health, and to reinforce my principles. I feared to distress your lordship's humanity with the account of my sufferings, or I should have written sooner.

My first sickness was the yellow jaundice, of which I nearly died: I was afterwards seized with the rheumatism, and nearly lost my limbs. I am now, thank God, in good health and spirits, and shall take every

means of shewing myself grateful for past favours.

The day I arrived they were commemorating their independence—carousing, singing republican songs, drinking revolutionary toasts, bonfires blazing, cannons firing, and buzzaing for liberty! I was in expectation that the lord mayor would have brought the military, and fired on them; but the mayor is not a lord, and I was informed he was seen drinking with some of his soldiers. They were also making an outcry about a Yankee sailor, called Pierce, that was killed off by Captain Whitby. It is a pity we hadn't them in Ireland; we might have ten thousand of them shot in a day, and not a word said about them. I would have gone to the barracks myself to inform against them, but there were no barracks. The soldiers live in their own houses, and sleep with their own wives. Nay, more—they have counting-houses, clerks, warehouses, ships, coaches, country-seats—the like was never seen among common soldiers.

I asked if there was no clergyman that was a justice of peace, to head the military! They shewed me a bishop, a mild, venerable looking old gentleman, that would not know which end of a gun to put foremost, fitter to give a blessing than to lead a corporal's guard—no vigour, no energy! And they say the clergy don't act as justices in their country. Indeed, the clergy here are not like certain clergy, as your lordship shall judge.

There is not a clergyman of any description in New York, nor, as far as I can learn, in all America, that can lead a concert, or play upon the fiddle, or that dances, or manages an assembly, or gets drunk, or rides in at the death of a fox, or that wears buckskin breeches or a ruffled shirt, or sings a baudy song, or keeps a mistress. All they do is to marry the young people, christen their children, visit the sick, comfort the afflicted, go to church, preach twice or thrice on a Sunday, teach the living how to live, and the dying how to die: they are pure in their lives, uncorruptible in their morals, and preach universal love and toleration; and what is more unaccountable, they have NO TYTHES, and they live in the very midst of their congregations. If I might be bold to suggest any thing, and it would not be counted over zealous, I could wish there was a good book written against this abuse of tythes; and I think, my lord, that Anacreon Moore would be a very proper person. It would be a good means of preventing emigration.

As to the government: at the head of it is an old country philosopher. I wish your lordship could get a sight of one of his shoes, with quarters up to his ancles, and tied with leather thongs. He has neither chamberlain nor vice-chamberlain, groom of the stole nor of the bed-chamber, master of the ceremonies, nor gentleman-usher of the privy-chamber, nor black rod, nor groom nor page of the privy-chamber, nor page of the back stairs, nor messenger to his robes: he has no robes—nothing but red breeches, which are now a jest, and a thread-bare one. No laundress for his body-linen, nor starcher, nor necessary woman.

He will talk with any body, like the good vicar of Wakefield. If the stranger talks better than him, he is willing to learn; if he talks better, he is willing the stranger should profit.

He is a simple gentleman every way, and keeps his own conscience and his own accounts; pays his own debts and the nation's debts; and has hoarded up eight millions and a half of dollars in the treasury. Your lordship will smile at such an oddity. We do all we can to shake him, we do all we can to vex him, we do all we can to remove him. He is like a wise old Dervise. He will not be shaken; he will not be vexed; he will not be moved. If he gets up, we say he is too tall; if he sits down, we say he is too short; if we think he will go to war, we say he is bloody; if we think he is for peace, we say he is a coward; if he makes a purchase, we say he ought to take it by force; if he will not persecute, we say he has no energy; if he executes the law, we say he is a tyrant. I think, my Lord, with great deference, that a good London quarto might be written, and thrown at his head. He has no guards nor battle-axes, and dodges all alone, upon his old horse,

from the President's house to the capitol. There might be an engraving to shew him hitching his bridle to a peg. The stranger in America might write the book; but he need not call himself the *stranger*; it appears clear enough from his works. If it could be possible to confine those works against emigration to home circulation, it would be better. They appear rather ridiculous in this country; for they know here, as well as your Lordship, that people are the riches of a nation. I would humbly recommend a prohibition of their exportation. If Mr. Parkinson writes any more, would your Lordship have the goodness to let him know, there has been no yellow fever since I came to America; but that, in return, the catadids have created great disturbances? A good work against the catadids might prevent emigration. Tell him, if your Lordship pleases, that the butter is no better than it was when he was here; and the pigs remain unreconciled to the peaches. The Timothy-grass grows straight up, and so does the duck-grass—apropos—the ducks here go on water like those of England; but they swim hardest against the stream. Twelve barrels of plaister in Massachusetts go as far as a dozen in any other state; and there is but one head upon a stock of wheat, and the grass grows rankest in the wet ground. A work of this nature may serve to prevent the lovers of good butter and pork from coming to America, and prevent emigration. They boil their cabbage in fresh water, and throw the water out.

All the other departments are as ridiculous as the executive; and one of his Majesty's cream coloured Hanoverian horses has more servants than their secretary of state. They have no Lords nor beggars. We must try to have beggars. A little work upon that might put things in a strong light.

Their judges are without wigs, and their lawyers without gowns. This might be called *bald justice* and *stinted* eloquence.

There is no energy in the execution of the law. One constable, with a staff, will march twenty prisoners. Your lordship knows a country where every man has a soldier to watch him with a musket.

The government here makes no sensation. It is round about like the air, and you cannot even feel it: a good work might be written on that, to prevent emigration, by shewing that the arts of government are not known.

There are very few showmen, or mountebanks; a proof of a dull plodding people, all being about their own affairs. This might be stated to prevent idlers from coming. But as there is little temptation for that class, it is not worth a book.

They have no decayed nor potwolloping boroughs, which renders their parliament a stiff machine. Their candidates are not chaired, and throw no sixpences among the mob. This might be used to prevent the emigration of the mob.

I don't like their little one gun ships of the line. If they are so wicked when they are *little*, what will they be when they *grow big?* I believe Decatur to be a dangerous man. I had it from the Ex-Bashaw of Tripoli. And Preble, I fear, is as bad; though the Bashaw did not tell me so.

However, if we don't come near them, they can do us no harm. I hope your Lordship will not count me over zealous in my remarks, and that they may not be considered altogether unworthy of your Lordship's wisdom. Your Lordship having been first Lord of the Admiralty is the best judge of gun-boats.

The inventions of this people are becoming every day more alarming. They sold their card-making machine to the English, for twenty thousand pounds sterling! and now they say they can make one for fifty guineas. Might not some addresses be adviseable from the Manchester fustian weavers?

They have made a steam-boat to go against wind and tide seven miles in an hour; an alarming circumstance to the coach-making trade. A work might be written against the emigration of coach-makers, and entitled *No Steam Boats.*

The burning of Patterson Mills was very fortunate; but the eastern and southern manufacturers would require to be burned. It is time the

country was taken out of their hands. *They are committing daily waste upon the woods, and disfiguring the face of nature with villages, turnpikes, and canals.*

They are about stopping up two miles and a half of sea, which they call the *Narrows*, though I endeavour to persuade them of the advantage of a *free passage* for his Majesty's ships of war up to this city, and put before their eyes the example of Copenhagen!

That Chesapeake business has burst the bubble, and shews that many of those we counted upon here are Americans in their hearts, and will not do any serious mischief to their own country. Their wranglings, I fear, are like those of our own Whig and Tory, and will profit us nothing.

But there is yet a mean left. And if your Lordship will send me a hundred thousand pounds by the Windsor Castle, I shall lose not an instant to set about it. It will, I hope, be no objection to the project, that it is a new one; the more so, as the old ones have not succeeded very well.

I should glory, my Lord, to be the author of a species of civil war and discord, yet unattempted, and thereby recommend myself to the honourable consideration of his Majesty's ministers.

There exists, my Lord, in this nation, a latent spark, which requires only to be fanned. If this be done with address, we shall have a civil war lighted up in this country, which will not be easily extinguished; for the contest will be between the two sexes. If we once can get them into separate camps, and keep the war afoot for sixty years, there is an end of the American people.

The matter is briefly this. The men smoke tobacco. The ladies will not be smoked. They say they do not marry, nor come into the world, to be smoked with tobacco. The men say they did not marry, nor come into the world, to be scolded, and that they will be masters in their own houses. They are both in the right; they are both in the wrong. Neither is right, nor neither is wrong, according as the balance of power can be managed by a cunning hand. And under the cover of this smoke much excellent mischief may be done for the service of his Majesty, and the war will be memorable in future history, and may be called the *segar war*. We have, at once, in our hands, three principal ingredients of civil war—fire, smoke, and hard words. We might coalesce with our magnanimous allies, the Squaws, on the western frontier, and a diversion on the Chesapeake would complete the whole: and I should not despair of marching a column of ladies by the next summer into Virginia, and laying the tobacco plantations waste with fire and tow.

One great advantage of my project, your Lordship will please to observe, is this: that whether it succeed or fail, take it at the very worst, supposing it to end, as it began, in smoke, it would have a result *to the full* as favourable as other projects, which have cost old England fifty times the sum I ask for.

The very smoking of these ladies would be a great point gained; for they have arrived at an *insolent* pitch of beauty, and it will be in vain that we should deter the connoiseurs and *virtuosi* of our dominions from coming over here, by holding out that there are no statues nor pictures, if we suffer them to preserve such exquisite models of flesh and blood, from which goddesses, nymphs, and graces may be imitated. A few refined souls will prefer cheeks of brass and eyeballs of stone, to the dimple of nature and sparkling glances of the laughter loving eye. But the mass of mankind will be ever vulgar; for them canvass will be too flat, and marble too hard, and flesh and blood will carry off the prize.

It is true, my Lord, that the same arts are not yet so advanced in this country as in those farther gone in corruption and luxury. Yet it is mortifying to see the progress the young and fair ones are daily making in those delicate acquirements which give lustre to virtue, and embellish good sense. Those arts which have now the charm of novelty and the grace of infancy cannot fail to improve in a soil where living beauty triumphs; where the great scenes of majestic nature invite, and where history points the eye of the poet,

the painter, and the sculptor, to the virtues of Washington, and the plains of Saratoga and York Town.

But one, who passes for having good sense, avowed to me, some time ago, that he would rather see a well-clad and active population, than the finest antique groupes of naked fawns and satyrs with a Lazeroni populace. And a thing that has raised great wonder in me is this, that some of these fair-haired Dryads of the woods have manners more polished than the shining beauties of your splendid court. Where they got it, or how they came by it, I know not; but on the chaste stem of native purity, they seem to have engrafted the richest fruits of foreign cultivation. And as the ladies in all civilized nations will, covertly or openly, have the sway, I think these dangerous persons ought to be well watched; and I am not indisposed, my Lord, to keep an eye upon them, provided I may be encouraged by your Lordship's approbation. I shall not then regret the situation in which it has pleased the wisdom of his Majesty's councils to have placed me, and I shall labour, to the end of my life, to make a suitable return.

In this view I think it right to mention, that the youngest ladies have imbibed French principles:—some of them can express any sentiment, grave or gay, by a motion of the head; speak any language with their eyes, and tell an affecting story with their toes. Those cottillions, my Lord, are dangerous innovations. It is for the reasons I have mentioned, extremely important, that Mr. Weld and the Anacreontic poet should write down the American ladies.—The kind and frank hospitality they received from these unsuspecting fair ones has afforded them an opportunity of taking a noble revenge, worthy of their masters. And if pert genius, like the fairest beauty, is to be selected for prostitution, Moore is the man.

But if this system of detraction be followed up, you will do well, my Lord, to keep your Englishmen at home. They will be very liable, coming over with such notions, to be surprised, perhaps put in voluntary chains. It has already happened to more than one of my acquaintance, and may befal many more. There need come no more with toys from Birmingham. There is one Langstaff here, that has done them mischief. He gives himself out for gouty, and sits writing in an elbow chair. When the fit leaves him, he announces it in the newspapers, and appoints an hour for his visits: all doors are thrown open, and scouts sent out to watch for him. He runs about in a yellow coattee; and in the course of the morning will have kissed the hand of every pretty lady in the town. It provokes me to see a little fellow lie in a lady's workbasket, and make laughing sport of grave men. And it makes me feel more mortified, at my own growing corpulence, lest my bulk should be no recommendation in the eyes of the fair, whose favour is the chief object of my wishes; I shall therefore, before the evil grows worse, go immediately to press, be squeezed into the genteelest form I can, and then pay my respects to the ladies, and to your Lordship. Meantime,

I have the honour to be,
With all due gratitude for *past* favors,
My Lord,
Your Lordship's much obliged
And very devoted servant,
WILLIAM SAMPSON.

---

## FURTHER OBSERVATIONS *on the* WORD "THAT."

MR. EDITOR,

WHATEVER may be objected to any farther alteration of the English grammar, I consider it to be the proper tendency of an increasing acquaintance with any human system that it enables us to ascertain and correct its defects. This is indeed confirmed by the improvements which have so recently been made in this art. During a period of two hundred years, an opinion appears to have prevailed that the simplicity of the English language precluded the necessity of studying its principles*; and we find, accordingly, the grammar of it

* Dr. Lowth.

suffered little or no change: but the inaccuracies of our finest writers have shewn that this opinion was fallacious; and, in the short time that has elapsed since the study has become general, innumerable improvements have been introduced, and irregularities, into which even authors have been betrayed, are avoided in common conversation.

Grammar, as a standard of language, has already rescued it from the corruption which crept in when the art was neglected, and it will continue to preserve it in its native purity and vigour as long as it maintains its character: what, then, can sanction a fruitless persistence in an exploded error, which must weaken the credit of grammar, and prevent these excellent effects?

Before I proceed to examine the objections of your correspondent C. L. I shall remark, that there have been two opinions as to the word *that* in such applications as "Give me *that* book;" some grammarians have termed it a *demonstrative* or definitive pronoun, while others have contended that it is an article. It remained for C. L. to decide the question.

——— "Nestor componere lites
Inter Peleiden festinat, et inter Atreiden."
*Horace.*

"The word," he says, "is *the pronominal adjective of the pronoun relative that, without changing its termination!!!*"

Having thus briefly contrasted the ideas of your correspondent with those of grammarians, I shall pass on to consider his remarks in order.

He begins by admitting the truth of my premises, and he then proposes "to inquire *into* how far my conclusions agree or disagree with my principles." Let the reader judge between me and him how far he performs his promise.

"I do not mean," he says, "to assert that the word *that* is a pronoun like *I*, &c. but it is, I should imagine, a pronominal adjective." This is making a distinction without a difference. Pronominal adjectives really form a subdivision of the class of pronouns, and therefore a pronominal adjective must, of necessity, be a pronoun; with what propriety, then, does C. L. allow it to be the former, when he hesitates to assert it is the latter. Surely this argues a great ignorance of grammar.

Your correspondent thus continues: "As I consider *my* the pronominal adjective of the pronoun substantive *I*, so I consider *that* the pronominal adjective of the pronoun relative *that*, without changing its termination."—This opinion, Mr. Editor, is peculiar to C. L. and has an unquestionable claim to originality, inasmuch as it is not to be found in any reputable treatise on grammar. He is yet to learn that relative pronouns cannot have pronominal adjectives to answer to them.

"As *my* or *thy*," he says, "merely shews the person that occupies the book, so does *that* distinguish the place."—This is indeed a logical deduction. Who can help admiring the precision with which *so* answers to *as*, and the remarkable affinity there is between *the possessor of a book*, and *the circumstance of place?* I must, Sir, be allowed to say that to oppose argument to this would be inconsistent.

He says, "it does not therefore seem evident to me, that the words *that* and *the* are at all synonimous terms; for, in the line

'That, more than heaven pursue,'

"I do not conceive it can be taken otherwise than (when) it is used in the sentence 'Give me that book.'"

Instead of adopting the example which I had given, your correspondent chuses another for his purpose, pretending he "cannot conceive it can be taken otherwise than mine," and from it he has drawn his own conclusions. Now, had he really thought the applications similar, it is absurd to suppose he would have chosen another, because the result must then have been the same; but they are not similar; and the specious adduction of this example cannot justly draw from me the compliment of candour.

One objection I could not well examine in the *order* in which it is placed: "If we consider it an article, it will not only create a new one, but

render the word of four different parts of speech."* Erroneous as this position, I content myself with introducing it to the reader's attention: but let me ask C. L. if he mean to call this argument? While so narrow a prejudice operated on his mind, it is not surprising that instead of inquiring what the truth is, he has explained only what he thinks it ought to be.

In concluding my remarks, I am willing to meet C. L. on his own ground. He has allowed that "there cannot exist a doubt on the beginning of my observations;" but he denies the propriety of my conclusion. He admits the principle, that "if the word *that* be not used instead of a noun, as its substitute or representative, it cannot be a pronoun;" but he objects to my inference, that the word *that* is therefore not a pronoun in the sentence "Give me *that* book." Since the determination of this must turn upon the circumstance of its standing or not standing instead of a noun, there can be but two opinions: it is for C. L. to prove the fallacy of mine, by pointing out the substantive which the word represents. When I say "Charles is happy because *he* is good;" *he* is evidently a pronoun, because it represents the proper name Charles: and when we say "Give me *that* book," I believe the conclusion is inevitable.

The letter of your correspondent, though *professedly* written to inquire *into* "how far my conclusions agreed or disagreed with my principles," is, as the reader must have observed, neither such an inquiry, nor indeed a defence of the common acceptation of the word; but a new opinion, brought forward without proofs, clothed in misapplied terms, and unwarranted by any principles of grammar. I wish I could have been more methodical in examining his remarks, but the "lucidus ordo" had forsaken him, and his paper would not admit a regular criticism.

Your correspondent should perhaps have observed, that the conclusions I drew from the Greek article are collateral and confirmatory. My *argumenta majora* have not yet been attacked: the passages alluded to are, however, such as these:—

1st Chap. John, verse 20.—Καὶ ὡμολόγησε, καὶ οὐκ ἠρνήσατο καὶ ὡμολόγησεν Ὅτι ἐγὼ οὐκ εἰμὶ ἐγω ὁ Χριστός. 21. Καὶ ἠρώτησαν αὐτόν. Τί οὖν; Ἠλιας εἶ σύ; Καὶ λέγει. Οὐκ εἰμι; Ὁ προφητης εἶ σύ; Καὶ ἀπεκρίθη· Οὔ.

20. —— "I am not *the* Christ."
21. —— "Art thou *that* prophet?

I remain, Sir, &c.

WM. JASE.

12, *Devonshire-street, Bishopsgate.*

---

## SCHILLER *on the* TRAGIC ART.

THE state of emotion possesses in itself a degree of delight, independent of all relation of its object, either to our improvement or degradation; we strive to place ourselves in a state of emotion, although it may be attended with heavy sacrifices.—Our most common enjoyments are founded on this impulse; and it is scarcely to be taken into consideration if the emotion be directed to affection or to hatred, or if it be according to its nature, agreeable or painful. Experience rather teaches us, that the disagreeable emotion possesses the greater charms for us; and it is a general phenomenon in our nature, that the melancholy, the terrible, and the horrible, attract us with irresistible charms, and that we feel ourselves with equal powers repulsed from, and again attracted to, scenes of woe and of terror. Every one presses, with the intense look of expectation, round the relator of a tale of murder; and the most horrible story of apparitions possesses charms for us in proportion to its horror.

But this emotion displays itself with greater force on objects of actual observation. A storm at sea, in which a whole fleet is wrecked, viewed from the shore, would delight our fancy with the same force as it excites the feelings of our heart. It must be difficult to believe, with Lucretius, that this unnatural pleasure springs

* It will then be but three, pronoun, conjunction, and article.

from a comparison of our own safety with the danger which is viewed.—How numerous is the crowd which accompanies the criminal to the place of execution: neither the pleasure arising from a love to see justice satisfied, nor the ignoble delight of an appeased revenge, can explain this phenomenon. The criminal, in the hearts of the beholders, may perhaps stand acquitted, and their ardent wishes may rise for his preservation; yet a curious desire impels the beholder with greater or lesser force to direct both eye and ear to the expression of his sufferings. If the man of education and refined feelings may, on this point, be quoted as an exception, it does not therefore necessarily follow that the same impulse does not exist in him; but that he yields to the painful impressions of compassion, or that he is held in subjection by the laws of propriety. The rude son of nature, whom no feelings of tender humanity restrains, yields himself up without reserve to this mighty impulse. It must therefore be founded in the original dispositions of the human mind, and is to be explained by a general physiological law.

If we, however, find that these rude feelings of nature are inconsistent with the dignity of human nature, and therefore raise an objection to establish a law for the whole race, yet there are sufficient examples, which place beyond all doubt the reality and universality of pleasure from painful emotions. The painful contest of opposite inclinations and duties, which to him who suffers it, is a source of misery, delights us in the reflection of it, we follow with always increasing pleasure the progress of a passion to the fatal abyss to which it entices its unfortunate victim. The same tender feeling which repels us from the view of a physical suffering, or from the physical expression of a moral one, suffers us to feel in the sympathy with the pure moral pain a greater degree of pleasure.—The interest is general with which we tarry at the representations of such objects.

This can, however, be only naturally asserted of the *participated* emotion; for the near relation in which the *original* emotion stands to our desire of happiness, occupies and possesses us in common with a force too great to allow the space for that pleasure which free of every disinterested relation it requires for itself. Thus the feeling of pain is paramount with him who is actually under the subjection of a painful passion, notwithstanding the representation of the state of his mind can delight the auditor or beholder. On the other hand, the original painful emotion is not wholly devoid of pleasure to him who is subject to it; but the degree of this pleasure varies according to the constitution of the minds of men. If fear, doubt, and inquietude did not possess an enjoyment, games of hazard would be deprived of their principal charms; no one of undaunted courage would rush into danger; and even sympathy with the sufferings of others would not be attended with the greatest delight in the very moment of the highest illusion, and in the strongest degree of transition. It is not thereby intended to affirm that the disagreeable emotions, in and of themselves, confer pleasure; no one would undertake to maintain it; it is sufficient if these situations of the mind present those conditions under which certain kinds of pleasure are possible. Those minds, therefore, which are particularly susceptible of those kinds of pleasure, will, with greater ease, be reconciled to these disagreeable conditions, and not lose their freedom in the most violent storms of passion.

From the relation of its object to our sensual or moral pleasure, the displeasure proceeds which we feel in unpleasant emotions; in the same manner the pleasure in the agreeable emotions springs from those sources, namely the agreeable emotions. In the proportion, therefore, in which the moral nature of a man stands to his sensual, the degree of freedom is founded which can be maintained in emotions; and, as it is acknowledged that in the moral no choice exists for us, and, on the other hand, the sensual impulse is subject to the legislation of reason, and therefore is or at least should be in our power, it is therefore evident that it is possible to

maintain a perfect freedom in all those emotions which are related to the interested impulse, and to have a command over that degree which it is intended to attain. This will be weaker in the degree in which the moral sense maintains the superiority over the impulse for happiness or pleasure; and his interested attachment to his individual person will be diminished by his obedience to the general laws of reason. Such a man will, in the state of emotion, feel with much less force the relation of his object to his impulse for pleasure, and consequently experience, with lesser force, the displeasure which arises from that relation; on the other hand, his attention will be stronger drawn to the relation in which this very object stands to his morality, and therefore be more susceptible of the pleasure which the relation to the moral not seldom mingles in the most painful sufferings of sensuality. A mind thus constituted is the most capable of enjoying the pleasure of compassion, and even to maintain the original emotion within the limits of the compassionate emotion. Hence the value of a philosophy of life, which, by a continual direction to general laws, enervates the feeling for our individuality, teaches us in the connexion of the whole to lose our little self, and thereby places us in the situation to converse with ourselves as with strangers. This noble disposition of the mind is the lot of strong and philosophic souls, which by incessant labour have learned to subdue in themselves the interested impulse. Even the most painful loss leads them but to a placid melancholy, in which an evident degree of pleasure is mingled. They, who alone are capable of abstracting themselves from their individuality, enjoy the privilege of feeling their own suffering in the mild reflection of sympathy.

R. H.

[*To be continued.*]

---

EXTRACT *from the* NOTES *of Dr.* KESTELOST, *of the Royal University of Leyden, on the* REPORTS *made by the Institute of France to his Majesty the Emperor and King, on the* PROGRESS *of the* SCIENCES, *of* LITERATURE, *and the* ARTS, *from the Year* 1789 *to the present.* —*Page* 238, *&c.*

IN the sitting of the 4th of January, 1808, the Institute adjudged the annual prize of galvanism to Mr. Davy, a member of the Royal Society of London. A very particular report on the works of the English philosopher is to be found in the *Moniteur* of the 18th of February, 1808, and in the *Annales de Chemie* number for December, 1807. It was after the publication of Mr. Davy's views that the French chemists, particularly those attached to the Polytechnic school, repeated the same experiments. German chemists also soon undertook to verify them. Vide *Annalen der Physick, Jahrg*, 1808, No. 1; *Le Journal de Physique*, numbers for February, March, April, and June; *The Schouwburg*, numbers for January and February; *Korrster Letterbode*, first part of the same year; recently the *Annales de Chemie*, May 1808; and the *Mercure de France* of the 10th of September, in which Mr. Biot has published a notice, which we think it our duty to present to the reader, as the best account of the different opinions expressed on the subject of Mr. Davy's experiment.

"For the first principle of the new discoveries respecting the decomposition of the alkalies we are indebted to Mr. Davy, a young English chemist of extraordinary abilities, who has already, within a few years, made many other important additions to our chemical knowledge. Mr. Davy was trying the decomposition of various substances by the action of the electric column of volta, which has been improperly called the galvanic apparatus. It is, indeed, known that this admirable instrument decomposes the most intimate combinations, by means of the two contrary electricities, which it possesses at its two poles, the opposite forces of which being applied to the molecles of bodies, tend with the greatest energy to disunite their elements. Mr. Davy submitted to this action small fragments of potash and soda, two of the

alkaline bodies which chemists have hitherto not been able to decompose by any process. Immediately the most surprising phenomenon was produced. The soda and the potash were heated to a high degree; flowed like liquid, or rather were transformed into drops of a new substance, susceptible of being inflamed by the simple contact of the air, burning with rapidity when thrown into water; but which, when collected and preserved in oil of naphta, presented a brilliant metallic aspect; in short, had altogether the appearance of a real metal. The substance yielded by the potash was solid, at a low temperature; it assumed the appearance of mercury, at 10 degrees of the centigrade thermometer, was completely liquid at 38. The soda lost its cohesion at 50 degrees, and became quite liquid at 77. The specific gravity of the former, that of water being taken at 10 was about 6, and that of the latter 9.

"These phenomena were invariably produced at the negative pole of the pile, that which possesses the property of repelling oxygen. Mr. Davy infers from it, that the metals of the potash and soda were only the potash and soda themselves deprived of oxygen, and that the alkalies in their ordinary state are real metallic oxyds, the elements of which are disunited by the electric column. This theory explained how the new metals thrown into water disengaged hydrogen from it. This effect was ascribed to the attraction of the metals for oxygen: they absorbed it from the water, reformed alkali, and left free the hydrogen, the second principle of which water is composed.

"This beautiful experiment was no sooner known in France, than it strongly excited the interest and curiosity of the French chemists. M. M. Gay-Lussac and Thenard hastened to repeat it, and found it accurate.—But, in pursuing the idea of Mr. Davy, they undertook to obtain the new substances by the assistance of chemistry, by raising the two alkalies to a high temperature, and presenting to them in that state a body which, having great affinity with oxygen, might deprive them of this principle. Iron appeared to them very proper for this purpose; for thus it is that it acts in the famous experiment of the decomposition of water, when, being itself made red-hot, some aqueous vapour is made to pass on its surface. It disunites the two principles of which the vapour is formed, absorbs the oxygen, and leaves the hydrogen free. M. M. Gay-Lussac and Thenard attempted a perfectly analogous experiment. They caused alkali in a state of vapour to pass over red-hot filings of iron, contained in the barrel of a gun. The effect answered their expectations: they saw the new metal flowing in abundance out of the lower extremity of the barrel."

This result was so much the more precious, as it afforded the means of obtaining the new metals in sufficient quantities to be accurately studied and their properties clearly determined.

"This beautiful experiment was, as we have just seen, a natural consequence of Mr. Davy's theory. The result could be previously foreseen, and it perfectly confirmed the theory. Who would not have thought, after so perfect a coincidence, but that the theory was accurate? But, to be assured of the truth in the sciences, it is not sufficient to satisfy a certain number of phenomena, and to represent them in a general manner; it is necessary to shew that the cause to which they are ascribed is the only one capable of producing them; and if it be impossible to obtain so complete a proof, the phenomena and the applications of the theory should be so multiplied, that the probability of the latter may be rendered infinitely great."

The first species of demonstration was impracticable in these experiments. It would have been necessary to combine a given weight of the new metal with a given weight of oxygen, and to obtain for a result a weight of alkali, equal to one of the two substances employed. Thus was conducted the process relative to the composition of water, and thus was obtained the incontestible proof of it. But in the present case, the high temperature to which the alkalis must be raised, and the nature of the apparatus, rendered the thing impossible.

It was therefore necessary to have recourse to the second method, to examine attentively the properties of the new metals, to observe their action on other substances, to multiply, in short, the phenomena, and to see if they agreed with the first idea that had been formed. This M. M. Gay-Lussack and Thenard have done, and they have been led to an endless variety of curious experiments and new results, such as may be expected from a reagent entirely new, possessing very energetic properties, and managed by such able chemists as those whom we have named. In the course of these experiments they examined the action of their metals upon ammoniacal gas, which, according to the beautiful discovery of Mr. Berthollet, is formed of hydrogen gas and azot gas. The metal and the ammonia combined together and formed a solid product of a peculiar aspect, and there remained at the same time, under the bell, in which the experiment was made, a quantity of hydrogen nearly equal to two-fifths of the volume of the gas employed. Whence could this hydrogen proceed? It was evident, according to the supposed theory, that it must have been produced by the ammonia; and its azot combined with the metal should have yielded the substance newly obtained; but, on verifying this consequence, it was found to be false.—The new combination being exposed to heat was decomposed. It yielded, it is true, besides the metal, an aeriform product; but this product was not azot, it was pure ammonia without any mixture of foreign gas. The ammonia had not therefore been decomposed in the first experiment, as it was supposed to be in the beginning. What confirmed this result was, that in resuming the ammonia disengaged by the heat of its combination with the metal, and by introducing a new quantity of metal to it, hydrogen was still obtained from it, as the first time, and the new solid combination reproduced still yielded ammonia. Thus by successive essays it was found possible to evolve, by means of a given quantity of ammonia, an indefinite quantity of hydrogen. This hydrogen, therefore, did not proceed from the ammonia, as it was at first supposed, but from the metal; consequently, this metal was not alkali *minus* oxygen, but alkali *plus* hydrogen.

"Hence is also to be explained, in a different way, the evolution of hydrogen, which takes place when the alkaline metals are thrown into water, or into any fluid substance containing water. The water is not decomposed in this experiment; it is the combination of the alkali with the hydrogen, which is decomposed or dissolved. The alkali being deprived of water by heat, becomes very greedy of it: wherever it meets with any, it seizes it, and abandons the hydrogen with which it was combined."

Hence it follows that the alkalies are not yet decomposed. But Messieurs Davy, Thenard, and Gay-Lussac have nevertheless made a most important discovery, by finding a combination possessing properties so new, so energetic, and which offers to chemistry a reagent so powerful and so sure for ascertaining the presence of water. This faculty is already become, in the hands of M. M. Thenard and Gay-Lussac, a source of many other discoveries. In short, it is a very curious result to see a body, composed of alkali and gas, assume an aspect perfectly metallic, with all the external characters of metals, their gravity excepted, which is less than that of the common metals.—May not some of those, which we have hitherto considered as simple bodies and as real metals, be likewise compound? And if the metallic appearance alone be no longer sufficient to characterize metals, what then is the cause which gives it to them, and by what other property can they be in future distinguished from other bodies? These are questions which belong to the most profound chemistry, but capable of exciting reflections in those who wish to penetrate to the principles of things, and who, accustomed to observe nature, know the gratification which it affords to meditate on her laws.

## Mr. Burdon *on the* Destruction *of* ancient Cathedrals, &c.

Sir,

THE imagination of man is never excited to so high a pitch as in the contemplation of a great first cause; hence it arises that the most sublime works of art are those which are consecrated to the worship of the Deity. The temples of Egypt, of Greece, and of modern Europe under popery, are justly considered as the most stupendous monuments of human ingenuity. Among the latter, our Gothic cathedrals, as they are vulgarly called, excite in all minds of sensibility and taste the strongest ideas of grandeur and magnificence; and, independent of any religious feeling, it is impossible to contemplate even their remains without admiration and delight. The elegant simplicity of some, the exuberant ornaments of others, and the immensity of them all, seem to have engrossed all the taste and labour of the ages in which they were built; and had the priests who now possess them, either zeal or knowledge equal to those who first raised them, they might endure almost to eternity: but the generality of our deans and chapters are deficient not only in religious zeal, which in this enlightened age may be pardoned, but they are deficient also in a taste for grandeur and beauty, which in men possessing the finest remains of antiquity cannot be pardoned. They either neglect the noble cathedrals which belong to them, or they attempt to adorn them with incongruous ornaments; and they suffer them to be defaced with clumsy, trumpery monuments which poorly imitate the remains of Grecian art, and spoil those of the Gothic; nay some of them have gone so far as to pull down buildings of surpassing beauty, and erect others in their places of most surpassing ugliness, because they could not, like their hardy predecessors, endure the cold air of a chapter house, but chose rather to sit by a warm fire-side in a modern dining room.

The fact I allude to is, that the Dean and Chapter of Durham having sacrilegiously pulled down the beautiful chapter house built by Bishop Walter Skirlaw, in the purest style of English architecture, and celebrated for its elegant proportions and ornaments. The motive which led to this unparalleled act of barbarism and contempt for their statutes, must have been no other than a paltry, old-woman-like love of snugness and comfort; and even this they might have indulged in, without pulling down what they could never rebuild; they might have built themselves a snug dining-room any where else, to have settled the affairs of the chapter in, had they but suffered this venerable monument of former times to stand. The estates they now possess were most of them given for the repairs of the church and the buildings attached to it, and their statutes strictly enjoin that their revenues should be employed for that purpose, after paying a fixed stipend to the prebendaries and other ministers of the cathedral. I much question, therefore, whether they are not liable to be called to account by the legislature for this violation of the laws by which they are governed; by the bishop they certainly are, for the statutes have given him a power of triennial visitation. The luxury, sloth, and indolence of the monks of former times have often been held up to ridicule and contempt, yet we must allow that they employed their revenues in works of piety and magnificence, and have left monuments of their genius, taste, and liberality, which will never be equalled. In what do modern prebendaries employ their time and their money, but in eating, drinking, and dissipation; they will leave few memorials of their splendour and munificence; and could we be sure their cathedrals would be preserved, they might all be dismissed without much detriment to the present age or to posterity.

I remain, &c

W. Burdon.

*Hartford, near Morpeth,*
*July* 13, 1809.

# CRITICISM.

"Nulli negabimus, nulli differemus justitiam."

NUBILIA *in* SEARCH *of a* HUSBAND; *including Sketches of Modern Society, and interspersed with Moral and Literary Disquisitions.* 1 vol. 8vo. 9s. pp. 460. Sherwood & Co. 1809.

WHEN Don Quixote appeared in Spain, the field of literature immediately after swarmed with Dons of all descriptions, who, like the knight of La Mancha, sallied forth in quest of adventures; and when the first tale of chivalry (Der Ritter von Felsheim) appeared in Germany, all the knights of high and low renown, rich and poor, brave and cowardly, were called from their tombs to tell, "in all the pomp of verse," their mad exploits. Thus it appears, that when a star of a particular magnitude appears in the zenith of literature, it is quickly followed by others, which attempt to vie with it in splendour, and, if possible, to eclipse it.

This remark will hold good in regard to the work now under our consideration, which trod so close on the heels of its prototype, that they may almost be called beings of the same day. Cœlebs had run but a very limited part of his course, when in the same hemisphere Nubilia burst upon our gaze, her splendour not so dazzling, but not less pleasing. Cœlebs flamed through his career for a time with uninterrupted lustre, till, by the piercing eye of wisdom, it was discovered that he was attended and governed by the baneful satellites of puritanism, methodism, and fanaticism. Nubilia moves with a milder radiance, and we will now attempt to discover the satellites with which she is attended.

The task of comparison is, however, an invidious one; nor is it just to try the merits of one work by the standard of another. Both may have their respective merits, but in departments not in the least analogous. It were wrong to affix the same standard to Shakspeare and Milton, though in themselves both are eminent: the same rule of conduct will hold good in regard to Cœlebs and Nubilia; it were unjust to try Nubilia by the standard of Cœlebs, and *vice versa*. Cœlebs, notwithstanding the stiff-necked, methodistical cant which pervades the work, possesses eminent beauties, to which Nubilia must yield the palm; on the other hand, Nubilia on certain points as far exceeds Cœlebs. The foundation of both may be equally good, though varying in the superstructure; one may shine in the gloomy grandeur of the gothic age, where amongst the echoing aisles superstition and bigotry reared their altars; the other may stand in the airy lightness of modern times, where midst hallowed shades genuine piety and religion walk hand in hand.

As Cœlebs and Nubilia may now be considered as the gemini in the zodiac of literature, in the consideration of one, the attention is naturally drawn to the other; and although in regard to the former, we can say with Horace, "Quodcunque ostendo mihi sic incredulus odi," yet in giving our just applause to the latter, we must not be supposed to detract from that merit to which the former is entitled.

Cœlebs sets forth on a Quixote expedition to find a female possessed of certain qualities, which never did, never can, nor ever will exist in one person. But at the very outset he took the wrong road; for, instead of travelling from Westmoreland to Hampshire, he should have driven straight to the tabernacles and conventicles of the metropolis; and there in point of sanctified *appearance*, the chances are a hundred to one in his favour that he would have found the object of his wishes. Nubilia, however, enters upon her search (if it can be called a search) with very different views; and we are not detained with a most prolix and ridiculous enumeration of trifling qualities, which the fortunate man must possess, as the *sine qua non* of the possession of her hand: on the contrary, she introduces herself to our notice illustrating the system which her father adopted in her education, the basis of which was consistency of character. To the system in general we give our de-

cided approbation: and it were to be wished, that the principles on which the father of Nubilia acted were more attended to, and the same endeavours used by the preceptors of youth, to give consistency to a character, rather than to form a vague, unsettled, and wavering character.

On the first view, the father of Nubilia appears a rigid moralist, rivetted to a set of principles founded on his own individual opinion, and strictly adhering to them, without consulting the natural dispositions of the subject on which they are to be engrafted; but on a closer inspection of his character, he appears to have fundamentally studied the principles on which he acts, to have observed in others the fatal consequences of a neglect of them, and moreover to be guided to the practice of them by the purest motives of religion and virtue. We would particularly recommend to the perusal of every parent the excellent line of conduct pursued by the father of Nubilia in the correction of her errors. The future happiness or misery of the child often hangs on the mode of early correction. It is not sufficient to be alone the parent of the child, but in the parent the friend should be combined: they are two distinct and separate relations, and the world can too plainly evince how seldom they are united. The friend uses the mild, persuasive tone, exhorts, admonishes, reproves: the parent speaks with the voice of authority, commands, insists, and will be obeyed. The one penetrates to the heart, calls all the finer feelings into play, and the repentant sinks on the breast of the gentle chastiser. The other terrifies the trembling culprit; abashed with downcast looks it dare not raise its head to meet the terrors of a parent's frown. The noble, generous, and amiable dispositions of the heart are checked; and the germs of filial love nipped in the bud at the moment when they are going to expand.

The objections of Nubilia's father to admit dancing as a part of her education deserve to be transcribed; and although many of our female readers, aye and male ones too, may inveigh bitterly against them, they are nevertheless founded on truth; and daily experience teaches us, that a ball-room is the hotbed of the most degenerate vices.

"Dancing," said he, "affords, beyond any other kind of amusement, the strongest facilities and, I may add, the strongest temptations to vice. I despise the futile declamation which would persuade us that it is an innocent relaxation or pleasure. It never can be innocent, if it be social. Corruption is sucked in at every reeking pore of the body as it glides along. The eyes are panders to the soul, and every sense is depraved. In a ball-room the common decencies of life are absolved and forgotten. Actions, from which the modest female would shrink alarmed in any other place, are here tolerated, are here necessary.—The timid eye of chastity is closed, and all the meek reserve of virgin purity is lost. Intemperate wishes fill the bosom, and thoughts, far remote from virtue, take possession of the mind.

"Think not, my child, that I exaggerate the danger. Experience has taught me the existence of evils, from which I hope to shield you by counsel. The Lacedemonians guarded their children from the bestial vice of drunkenness by exposing their slaves to them in that state. Let me secure *you* from vice by admonition.

"I would exhort that parent, who thinks dancing a harmless pleasure, to divest himself, for a moment, of prejudice and the power of custom, and examine what are its concomitants. Let him note the orgies of a ball room. Let him consider what are its established rules. Let him view his daughter successively the property of every man in the room. Let him view her with arms mutually entwined, bosom to bosom, heart to heart; let him remember the facilities thus presented for personal contamination: let him not repose confidence in the virtue of his child when every external circumstance combines to undermine that virtue: the blaze of light that enchants, confounds, bewilders the senses; the exhilirating sounds of music; the dazzling novelty, perhaps, of a numerous and elegant assembly; the general joy that thrills through the frame; the heated blood that flows in burning course through

the veins; the pride of excellence in the display of graceful attitudes, in the rapidity of motion, in the accuracy of step; the natural vanity of emulation:—what are all these? And what is the barrier that she can oppose against them? But this is not all. With the heart and mind thus prepared, what ravages may not other passions commit? The exultation of humbling a rival mistress: the applause of contending adorers, the smooth, guileful tongue of seduction, may prevail at such a moment. Or, if virtue still make a stand, yet, how may its power be insulted or weakened, by the open attacks of the profligate; by him who seizes the opportunity of closest contact, to communicate infection that may spread with dreadful rapidity. She will not seek redress by complaint, for she fears to be thought conscious of a meaning that half alarms her; but she *is* conscious: and if she smile, her adversary hails the signal with impure, unmanly rapture.

"Are not these the dangers of a ball-room? But thousands will call them visionary, and thousands will disbelieve them: some will acknowledge their possibility, and others will despise them: I, however, am satisfied of their existence; and, believing that, hold myself bound in duty to shield you, my child, from their influence. The benefits which the human frame can derive from dancing, may be obtained at less hazard. It may be invigorated by other exercises, and it may be rendered erect and firm by attention. That grace which it is in the power of a dancing master to bestow, is but vulgar mimickry of a vulgar model. True grace is the offspring of the mind."

In the second chapter we find Nubilia conversing with her cousin, Sophia Wilmot, who had been educated in the vortex of fashion and dissipation, on the pleasures and advantages of a country life; and, as might be foreseen, the arguments of Nubilia have their due weight on the mind of her cousin: but to the latter part of the following passage we cannot subscribe our assent:—

"I cannot look down upon the smiling villagers as they pass me, and swell with self importance: their healthful look, their cheerful mien, their hardy, invigorated frame, their carols, their coarse but feeling mirth, all tell me that the sanctuary of human bliss, the heart, is unviolated."

The times of arcadian innocence are, alas! no more. From the city to the town, from the town to the village, from the village to the hamlet, the same spirit of fashionable frivolity prevails. Formerly the peasant girl, clad in her russet gown, hailed the return of the Sabbath as a day sacred to rest and prayer; now it is welcomed as an opportunity in which, at church, she can display her clumsy attempt at fashionable dress. Formerly she went to pray, now she goes with the hope of attracting attention; and whilst the "holy man" is preaching contempt of the vanities of life, her eyes are bent on her superiors, to notice the fashionable folly of the day. Formerly the youthful peasant at the close of his labour retired to his home to enjoy the society of his family; but now, the young squire of the parish is just returned from London, a proficient in the elegant and accomplished art of boxing: the village soon resounds with the names of the pugilists of the day; the youths lay down their flails, and ape the scientific attitudes of the squire; every breast burns to be the champion of the country; feuds and discord rage where formerly peace and happiness reigned; the limited society of the village availeth nothing; the contagion of the city is introduced, and spreads like a baneful pestilence, poisoning every stream of morality and virtue. It is now in vain to look for the purity and innocence which once characterised the villagers. Society since those days has undergone important changes; the barriers of distinction are in a degree broken down; luxury has crept into the hovel of the peasant, and old men shake their heads when virture is talked of. As the embellishment of a picture, Nubilia's sketch may pass with praise, but when surveyed with the microscopic eye of truth, its blemishes are discerned, and the falseness of its colouring is made conspicuous by the glaring contrast.

The father of Nubilia descants with

great justice and well grounded severity on that ridiculous custom so universally practised by parents, of shewing their children forth as paragons of every thing that is perfect and good, although every moment some vicious action or imbecility of mind intrudes itself to point out to them the infatuation under which they labour. The following excerpt cannot fail of being acceptable to our readers:—

"And here I cannot but remark, how rare it is to meet with a *rational* parent. We have often discoursed together upon the disgusting conduct of those, who, blind even to fatuity, hold up their poor children to the world, as paragons and models. With the exception of yourself, I never yet saw that father or mother, who did not, in this particular, offend against common sense. How many blockheads have I heard praised for sagacity; how many infantile frivolities have I seen admired as delightful; how many tales have I heard repeated of lovely boys and charming girls, at which politeness itself could not smile, nor adulation pour forth one applauding word; how many rude, pert, and disgusting children have I known so bepraised and so admired, for their sweet manners and pretty innocent openness, that I have felt ashamed to see such broad marks of folly written upon the brow of man; how often have I seen the sickly, puny offspring of a cold, diseased embrace, led forth to public notice, and pompously exhibited with the poor hope of hearing them flattered; and when that hope has been frustrated by the strong dictates of unbending truth, their parents have not blushed to extort assent to their own lavish commendations. Sad, yet wise condition of human nature! that our very duties can be performed only by the operation of self-delusion. Nature's kindly law has so ordained it, that a parent's eye shall know no deformity; or were it not so, where would poor and helpless infancy turn for mercy and protection? Yet, why obtrude this feeling upon the world? Cherish it, and let its operation be as effective as the interests of nature and humanity demand; but as it contains, in its very essence, an infatuation which must offend every sober eye, let it be veiled from public sight. Parents themselves seem not aware of the feelings it excites; indeed they cannot, for such is the morality of civilised life, that we hold it as a part of our duty to throw a gloss over our real thoughts, and to present them only under certain lights and shades. He would be considered as brutal who should not reflect the smile of a father's delight, when he presents his hopeful offspring to the eyes of admiring guests. While this complacency continues to be the creed of polished life, the evil admits of no remedy; we must patiently endure the follies that insult our understanding; and believe, upon the credit of fathers and mothers, that every child is beautiful as opening day. Draw *your* inductions from *their* data, and the hardiest champion of truth would not dare to maintain that there exists an ugly darling on the face of the earth."

As we proceed we find the opinions of Nubilia's father inclining strongly to Godwinism; but considering consistency of character, and consequently of opinion, to be the aim to which all his endeavours tend, we were not a little surprised to meet with the following inconsistency in his own opinions. Speaking of the early education of children, p. 90, he says "Even so in my opinion we receive in our mother's womb the germ of some master passion, that lends a colour to every action of our life." In illustration of this position, he says, "Cæsar would have been the first man in a country village, if a fortuitous concurrence of causes had not made him the tyrant of Rome." With the same parity of reasoning it might be said, that the world would not have existed, but for a fortuitous concourse of atoms. This is the very essence of the Godwinian philosophy, and shuts out all idea of a predisposing cause. The tyrant is an instrument in the hands of the Almighty, a scourge, wherewith to work the hidden purposes of his will. He is like a storm, which, though it may effect partial evil, is still sent for the general good; but that storm is not the effect of a fortuitous combination of elements, it is the act of a divine being, and that alone establishes the absence of all chance.

In the further illustration of the existence of a master passion, he says, p. 91,—"To say that a child is born with a good or bad disposition is to talk absurdly." He has already given it as his opinion, that in our mother's womb we receive the germ of some master passion: we will use the *argumentum ad hominem*, and admit the existence of the master passion, although some very cogent arguments might be brought forward to prove its non existence; but the position cannot be contended that, if the master passion do exist, it must either be a good or a bad one. If the ruling passion be bad, the disposition of the child must be also bad, and *vice versa*. What is passion but a predominant inclination to virtue or to vice? And can the ruling passion in the breast of a child be bad, and its disposition good? And if the passion be bad which is received in utero, must not the child be born with bad dispositions? Can heat proceed from ice? or coldness from the sun? The effect always partakes of the nature of the cause; and it were absurd to say, that a child, who had received the passion of anger in the womb of its mother, were not born with an angry disposition. As a further illustration of this point, he proceeds, "The rich man who risks ten thousands in some adventure and succeeds, is called prudent and praised for his foresight.—The poor man, who tries his ten pounds in some speculation equally specious and fails, is branded as an ideot or a spendthrift, who throws away his hard earned gains in the foolish expectation of acquiring wealth by some lucky stroke. *Here too the passion is the same, avarice is the motive, but the results differ, and the motive accordingly assumes a different name.*" It will not be difficult to detect the fallacy of this position. The premises are false, and are built on a very subtle distinction. Avarice is not the motive, but the passion; the gain of wealth is the motive, and the rich and the poor man are impelled by the same passion, viz. avarice, to the same motive, which is gain of wealth. The success of the one, nor the failure of the other, alter, abstractedly speaking, either the passion or the motive. The passion is always the same, nor can a difference in the results of it alter the nature of it. If two men run a race, in both ambition is the passion, and gain the motive; but the result changes neither the one nor the other, the passion and the motive are the same both in the winner and the loser. R. H.

[*To be continued.*]

---

JOHN DE LANCASTER. *A Novel. By* RICHARD CUMBERLAND, *Esq.* 3 *vols.* 1809.

AN ancient philosopher was once asked—What was the easiest thing to be done? his reply was—'to give advice.' Mr. Cumberland will, perhaps, think with the philosopher and act with the world, when we advise him to retire gracefully from the ranks of literature before censure, and what is worse, neglect, compel him to do it. He has written enough for fame, and too much for prudence. Of his works, a part, and a very small part, deserve preservation. The remainder might help to supply Belinda's funereal pyre without any loss to the world.

Mr. Cumberland has the art of praising himself. They who have read his *Memoirs*, know how he has announced the present novel to the world. They who have read the present novel, know that his annunciation is unjustified by the event.

John De Lancaster deserves to be distinguished from the common herd of novels, for it has more *learning* than a common novelist can display: but it has infinitely less genius than any of our popular works of fiction. Mr. Cumberland seems to have relied upon his erudition and his name, for the success of his work.

The plot is very simple and not very interesting. Events are too easily anticipated. There is no art, no dexterity, in the completion of the catastrophe, or in the texture of the incidents. And this deficiency is not compensated by any elegance of diction, elevation of sentiment, or accuracy of character. *None* of the characters are consistently drawn, through several are well sketched. Philip De Lancaster is perhaps the best. Robert De Lancaster is learn-

ed, vapid, and digressive in the first volume; in the second and third volumes he loses some of these qualities, and becomes more natural and more interesting.

It were to be wished that Mr. Cumberland had given less licence to his pen, and not so often trenched upon the bounds of decency. There is something peculiarly disgusting in the indelicacy of an old man. The exhausted pruriency of imagination which it betrays is highly offensive. They who wish to see Mr. Cumberland's offences of this kind, may refer to pp. 11, 28, and 227 of vol. I, p. 236 of vol. II, and pp. 48, 105 of vol. III. to which may be added the entire episode of Mrs. De Lancaster's *accouchement*, which is narrated with a studied coarseness of delineation.

We shall not stop to notice many inconsistencies in the narration; for, holding John De Lancaster only as one of the numerous family of the NOVELS, we do not think it necessary to exalt it beyond its sphere. We will, however, extract two or three passages as specimens of Mr. Cumberland's *best* manner.

The following, which exhibits a contest of minstrels, is not wholly without merit:—

"When the repast was over, and the glass had cheerfully, yet temperately, circulated, the doors of the great hall were thrown open: a scaffolding containing seats for the company, and a stage for the performers had been prepared, and the audience was full. Old De Lancaster, encircled by his guests, made the central figure of the assembly, and his entrance was hailed by a chorus of harps, joining in the popular air—*Of a noble race was Shenkin.*

"When this was past, the names of six selected minstrels were announced. Each of these was of high celebrity in his art, and the respectability of the audience called on them for their best exertions. When four of this number had now acquitted themselves with great credit, and the plaudits of the hearers seemed to have been pretty equally bestowed amongst them, there remained only Robin Ap-Rees, the famous harper of Penfuth Abbey, and David Williams, of Kray Castle as yet unheard. In these celebrated performers there existed a high spirit of emulation, and the opinions of the country were divided between them: Though rivals in art, they were brothers in misfortune, for both were bereft of sight—*Blind Thamyris and blind Mœonides.*

"After a pause of some minutes, Ap-Rees presented himself to the spectators, led, like Tiresias, by his young and blooming daughter, and followed by his son, carrying his harp. The interesting group so touched all hearts, and set all hands in motion, that the hall rung with their plaudits. He was a tall thin man with stooping shoulders, bald head, pale visage, of a pensive cast, and habited in a long black mantle of thin stuff bound about with a rose-coloured sash of silk, richly fringed with silver, and on his breast, appending to a ribbon of pale blue, hung a splendid medal of honour.

"Before he took the seat, that was provided for him, he stopped and made a profound obeisance to the company: his daughter in the mean time, modest, timid, and unprepared for such a scene, not venturing to encounter the eyes of the spectators, when she had placed her father in his seat, no longer able to struggle with her sensibility, sunk into his arms, trembling and on the point to faint: her brother stood aghast and helpless: the ladies manifested their alarm by screams, and the men were rising from their seats, when our hero, whose only monitor was his heart, leapt on the stage and sprung to her relief: she revived, and he gallantly conducted her to a seat, where she was no longer exposed to the observation of the company who cheered him with a loud applause.

"Silence being restored, Ap-Rees began to tune his harp. He paused, as if waiting for the inspiration of his muse; his bosom yet laboured with the recent agitation of his spirits, when at length he threw his hand over the strings and began the symphony. His song was the tale of ancient days: he took for his theme the religious legend of the famous knight Sir Owen, one of the ancestors of his present patron. The legend is detailed at length by Matthew Paris in his history, page 86, edited by Doctor Watts in the year 1640, and few can be found better calculated to call forth all the powers of

poetry and music: The date is that of the reign of King Stephen, and in the wars of that period Sir Owen had very valorously distinguished himself. When Ap-Rees described his hero entering the tremendous cave amidst the wailings of the tormented, and beset by the infernal spirits, who assailed his constancy by every horrible device their malice could suggest, so striking were the effects, so contrasted the transitions of his harmony, that he seemed almost to realise those fearful yellings, groanings and thunderings recorded in the story. When he advanced to that period, where the fortitude of the knight baffles all the efforts of the dæmons, the movement, which had before been turbulent, irregular, and excursive, became solemn, flowing, and majestic; but when in conclusion, Sir Owen, triumphant over his assailants, puts them to general rout, and the gloomy cave in an instant is converted into a bright and blooming paradise, the minstrel with such art adapted his melody to the scene described, and so tranquillizing was the sweetness of his strain, that at the close he left his hearers still impressed with those delightful sensations which Milton describes Adam to have felt, whilst the voice of the communicative angel was yet dwelling on his ear.

"At length De Lancaster rose up, and addressing himself to the minstrel, testified his high admiration of the excellent performance he had witnessed, observing that it had been particularly gratifying to him to listen to a poem, founded on the magnanimous behaviour of a truly Christian knight, who was enrolled amongst the many heroes which the ancient and illustrious house of his friend and countryman Sir Owen ap Owen might justly boast of.

"This speech was followed by a thundering applause, the exulting minstrel made his valedictory obeisance, and withdrew.

"Sir Owen in the meantime whispered his friend De Lancaster, that he had never read the story, but he was told it was put down in a book, and of course he conceived it must be all true.

"David Williams now remained to ascend the stage and close the entertainment. He was ushered in, habited in a loose vest or mantle of white cloth with open sleeves, which he had tucked up, leaving his arms bare: it was bound about his waist with a broad belt of orange-tawney silk, and upon his breast he wore a medal, on which the device of the winged harp was conspicuously displayed: a fillet of the same colour with his belt confined his white locks, and when he had arranged himself in his seat and begun to touch his harp, all was silence and attentive expectation.

"At length, rolling his sightless eyeballs in a kind of poetic phrensy, he began his song from Noah: he sung the destructive visitation of the general deluge: he chanted the praises of King Samothes, and the splendor of his court; he then took a martial strain, and, smiting his harp with all the fire of an enthusiast, sung the triumphs of the giant son of Neptune, who entailed the trident of his father on his new-named Albion to all posterity. The animating subject seized the passions of the hearers, and the applause was loud and clamourous.

"When this subsided, the minstrel chose a melancholy theme; his head drooped upon his harp, and his fingers moved languidly over the strings, whilst in a slow and mournful strain he chanted the sad fate of Bladud—

"Fallen from his towring flight,
"And weltring in his blood.—"

"During the movement all were silent, when at once the harp was heard to break forth into a melody of the most gay and joyous character, inviting all present to festivity and good fellowship, and invoking blessings on the hospitable and time-honoured house of De Lancaster."

As a contrast to the above, let the following be read, in which much may be forgiven on the score of the author's age: yet it shews Mr. Cumberland's want of prudence to attempt where he was certain of failure.—Rousseau, indeed, used to say, that he could write a finer description of liberty in the dungeons of the Bastile, than he could out of them; but it does not appear that Mr. C. can describe a love scene from the pure workings of the *imagination*.

"Upon his arrival at Mrs. Jennings's house, the reception which John now

met was very unlike what he had before experienced. The cases containing the miniature picture and the gold chain were delivered to him: Mrs. Jennings quitted the room, and upon his finding himself alone with Amelia, he began as follows—

"I confess to you, Miss Jones, I feel myself very highly gratified by the handsome manner in which you have declined taking this pledge of my poor mother's affection and regard for you, till I could have an opportunity of delivering it into your hands agreeably to her particular instruction and desire. I am sensible it is a refinement, that very many people would not feel, but happily for me you did, and the melancholy event that has since occurred, naturally makes me the more desirous of adhering strictly to what she gave me in command: this I now do, when I have the honour of presenting to you, as a token of her very sincere esteem, this miniature of your father; what the other case contains is simply a chain, which I hope you will accept from me, though it has neither the same intrinsic value as a relick, nor the same ideal value as a memorial of the donor.

"Pardon me, exclaimed Amelia, eagerly interposing, what the other case contains is a gift not only very beautiful in itself, but infinitely valuable to me for the giver's sake.

"Oh! that I might believe you, cried the enraptured youth.

"Indeed you may, she naturally replied. I prize it as your gift above all computation.

"Nay, now, enchantress, he exclaimed, if your beauty and your kindness overcome my reason, you must either pardon my transports, or escape out of my company. To be told that you will prize this trifle, because it is my gift, is such a favour as can only be repaid by tendering to you my heart—my life—myself—my every thing—and, saying this, he pressed the unreluctant damsel to his bosom, accompanying each fond endearing phrase with tender but respectful delicate caresses.

"As soon as he had released her from his arms he led her to a chair, kept her hand in his, and seated himself by her: she was not in the least abashed, did not betray any extraordinary agitation, nor studied to avoid his eyes; for real purity is not suspicious—Amelia, he cried, I know the sacred nature of the responsibility I have incurred by giving way to the raptures which your charms inspired. Your father's picture hangs before me; I well remember the apostrophe I made to it; you do not want the presence of Mrs. Jennings to guarantee my good behaviour; your very best duenna is my honour. That mother, who is scarcely cold in her shrowd, with her dying breath bequeathed you to my honour, my protection, and my constant care through life. These are my duties; they are such as a brother, as a guardian, or a father might engage in: I don't commence my execution of them after the way of either of these, but, availing myself of the first favourable opportunity, and snatching at the first kind expression, which your politeness prompts you to address to me, I instantly throw my unprivileged arms about your chaste and beauteous person with all the ardour of a lover—All this is true: I felt that ardour, and I feel that love—Let me now ask you, Does the declaration of that love offend you?

"Oh, no, no, no.

"And may I hope in time to merit a return of love?

"You merit it already, and you have it—But hold! restrain yourself. Don't make it such a wonder that I speak the truth; but, as I have answered fairly, hear me now in my turn, calmly, patiently, I pray you; for I verily believe, that upon the candour with which you shall treat the sincere confession and appeal I am now about to make to you, the happiness of my life in future will depend.

"Speak freely; I am all attention. I will not deceive you.

"What I have said is true: I have full cause to love you: such as you are in every early excellence of mind and person, it would be out of nature if I did not. I can well believe it to be against rule for a young girl like me to make this frank confession: It seems so; and perhaps it was not quite in rule for me to suffer you to embrace me, whilst you uttered those emphatic, tender words; I could not help it: you embraced me once before; I could not help it then. The arms of no man

since my father died ever embraced me, yours alone excepted. The delight, which those endearments gave me in both cases, I am not ashamed to own; for it was pure: but I should be sorry to indulge in that delight, however pure, which cannot be permanent; and would not wish to hear those fond rapturous words repeated, to which if I affixed a serious meaning, I must be the vainest and the weakest of all human beings. In one word, my dear sir, you, who are destined to so high a lot, must show some pity for a lowly creature that looks up to you with love and admiration, and must absolutely promise me to fill up your time at Glen Morgan, whilst I in obedience to Mr. De Lancaster's commands pay a short visit of respect at Kray Castle."

We will not profane the enjoyment of our readers by any attempt to illustrate the natural beauties of this colloquy. If the reader wishes for more, of similar excellence, we refer him, *ad libitum*, to the discourses between John and Amelia, and especially to p. 218 of vol. III. Mr. Cumberland, indeed, is not wholly unconscious of his incapacity for the task he has chosen: he frequently appeals to the good nature and forbearance of his readers, and not without just cause.

We will give one more extract, a letter from the phlegmatic Philip, which is sufficiently characteristical.

"Dear Sister,

"When I arrived at Milford Haven I found a vessel bound to Liverpool, of which I availed myself for a passage, as travelling in rough roads is extremely troublesome. The master of the vessel was a very affable and entertaining gentleman, and, having been three times on a slaving voyage to the coast of Africa, had acquired a perfect knowledge both of men and manners.

"When we dropped anchor at Liverpool, the crowd and hurry on the quay appeared to me to be such, that I held it best to keep quiet in the cabin of the brig that brought me thither. Being in no capacity for making enquiries in my own person about a passage to the south of France, I did not like to manifest to my friendly captain a desire to quit his company, which had become so agreeable to me; I thereupon came to a determination of taking my chance with him: and when I understood his destination to be for the fourth time to the coast of Africa, I considered that one warm climate was like another, and warmth being what I was in search of for Mrs. De Lancaster, he assured me that I should find it there in perfection; this being ascertained I engaged for the voyage, avoiding thereby all further trouble, either to myself or him, about a matter of such absolute indifference.

"It cost some time to ship the cargo he was taking out with him, and gave me some annoyance whilst his crew were stowing it, as they are in the habit of accompanying their work with certain noises, far from melodious, and intelligible only to themselves. I had, however, a faculty of sleeping pretty generally through it all, which made time, heavy at the best, pass off very tolerably, till we set sail and took leave of land and all its troublesome concerns. I understood from the people that went on shore, that the town of Liverpool would have been highly worth my seeing, and I have every reason to believe their information was correct.

"We commenced our voyage in pleasant weather; the captain's conversation was on many points entirely new and very edifying on that account. He kept a liberal table, particularly in the article of salt-fish, of which he had a considerable cargo on board; but when he had no longer a supply of eggs to recommend his salt-fish, I must confess I was sometimes puzzled how to make a dinner, especially as his soup had a taste to which I had not as yet familiarized my palate.

"During our passage through the Bay of Biscay I perceived the vessel to have considerable motion, but there is a lulling property in the vacillation of a hammock, that promotes repose.

"One day, when I was told we were off the coast of Portugal, and I began to inhale odours from the shore, that were infinitely preferable to those of the salt-fish in the ship, I had a curiosity for the first time to visit the accommodations below, when I was tempted to ask my friend the captain

for what purpose he had parted off a portion of his hold with iron gratings like those of a prison, and also why he had provided such a collection of handcuffs, fetters, and other instruments, that seemed calculated both for torture and confinement.

"He was a very communicative man, and did not hesitate to inform me, that being a trader in negro slaves, it was necessary for him to be well stored with all those conveniences for security's sake; For how else, said he, could I be sure that those savages, who have no understanding of the happiness in store for them, would not rise upon us and cut all our throats? —Though I immediately saw all the force of his reasoning, I was a little staggered by the nature of his intelligence; and this I think it probable that he perceived, for he was pleased to say, that, being bound in the first instance for the Tagus, he would set me down with his cargo of salt-fish at Lisbon, if I had the least objection to proceeding any further. I thanked him for his civility, and candidly confessed that although I could have no objection to the removal of his salt-fish, I should think it ill exchanged for his cargo of slaves. I accordingly accepted his alternative of leaving me at Lisbon; where, though I should much regret the loss of his society, I might avail myself of the opportunity of visiting the famous aqueduct of Alcantara, of which I had heard so wonderful an account, and was anxious to enjoy the sight.

"The captain acknowledged that he had heard there was such a thing to be seen in the neighbourhood of Lisbon, but as he had no particular taste for sights of that sort, he had not troubled himself to go out of his way for it: he was pleased however in the politest manner to repeat his offer of setting me down at Lisbon; observing to me with great satisfaction, that as we were now happily arrived within the mouth of the river we had nothing further to apprehend; for he could assure me we were fairly out of all possibility of mischance, being in the track of the safest navigation in the world.

"In the very moment whilst this experienced navigator was cheering me and himself with these pleasant assurances, a sudden shock of the vessel threw him from his balance, and catching hold of me as he was falling, we came together upon the deck with a considerable degree of violence. As he fell upon me he had the advantage of being first upon his legs, which he employed with all speed in rushing forwards to the forecastle, whilst I was endeavouring to save myself from further bruises; for now a cry ran through the ship, that we were stranded on a rock, and sinking bodily. Of this information I had soon no reason to doubt, as the water rushed in with great impetuosity. The crew were eagerly employed in getting out the boat; but as I was persuaded that they, who were at the trouble of launching, would naturally be the first to make use of it, I persisted to keep my post, being resolved not to disgrace the character of a true De Lancaster by betraying the least symptom of impatience or alarm.

"When I had stayed till the treading over-head had ceased, and the captain along-side was calling upon me by name to come on board the boat and save myself, or stay where I was and be drowned, I thought it behoved me to avail myself of an alternative, so fairly stated, though my compliance with his offer of rescuing me from the sinking ship was attended with no small degree of trouble and inconvenience, for I now perceived myself to be sorely bruised.

"I exerted myself to the utmost in getting into the boat, yet my efforts being not sufficiently adroit to satisfy the gentlemen, who were eager to push off, I heard myself saluted with a general volley of oaths and ludicrous buffooneries allusive to my awkwardness, which I can truly aver were the only uncivil words, that I received from either captain or crew, whilst I had the pleasure of sailing with them.

"The boat, in which I was, belonged to one of our Lisbon pacquets, that had the humanity to stop her course and assist us in our distress. On board this charitable ship I was at length conveyed, and was agreeably surprised to find myself thus unexpectedly amongst my friends and neighbours; young Sir David Owen and his amiable mother being passengers and bound to Lisbon. To the humanity of these

friends I am indebted for the comforts I am now enjoying in an excellent hotel on an eminence called Buenos Ayres, from whence, if my contusions allowed me to get out of bed, I might enjoy a beautiful view of the town and river, and in which, were it not for the annoyance of flies and more domestic vermin, I might assuage my pains with the luxury of sleep; but this, when more familiarized to the customs of these insects, I hope still to enjoy.

"There has been another slight shock of an earthquake yesterday, but as I was in my bed, it did not disturb me near so much as that of the ship, when she ran upon the rock.

"As soon as I regain the use of my limbs, I shall look out for a suitable abode for Mrs. De Lancaster in this delicious place, where I promise myself a high entertainment in surveying the dilapidations and disorders occasioned by the great earthquake, which has made the town a heap of interesting ruins.

"I have written you a long letter, so, with my duty to my father and regards to all at home, I conclude myself, dear sister,

"Your very faithful servant
and loving brother,
"PHILIP DE LANCASTER."

We cannot close our account of these volumes without adverting to the very negligent, ungrammatical and unauthorised language in which they are occasionally written. In doing this he will not perhaps reckon us among his benefactors: but, as "he has never been useful to *us*, in the sale of *our* publications," he will not, probably, so *naturally* expect that *we* should "assist the circulation of De Lancaster." (See vol. I. p. 122).

We do not pledge ourselves to assemble *all* these rarities: but *ex pede*, &c.

"A character like hers, though *located*," &c. vol. i. p. 4.—*Not English.*

"Push round the tankard to a *tawdry* toast." p. 5.—*Mr. C. does not understand the meaning of the word.*

"Landed property, upon which there were no other *incumbrances*, save only the barren rocks, *over which it stretched*." ib.—*We recommend this to Miss Edgeworth in the next edition of her "Irish Bulls."*

"Risqued a *truism*." p. 21.—*Vulgar and not English.*

"We may literally say that it was made upon the *spur* of the occasion, and this we hope will be an apology for our introducing the baronet *in boots*." p. 50.—*Ingenious!*

"He had not so many *bites* from beside the banks, as he had been favoured with from between the blankets." 123.—*The same.*

"Mrs. De Lancaster, the mother, who never *opened*," &c. p. 183.—*Elegant!*

"David Williams, playing on his harp at *sun-down*." vol. II. p. 32.—*A new combination.*

"A *sensitive young* damsel." 228.

"Give me air, or I shall *sink outright*." 265.—*The hero exclaims thus!*

We hope these *cum multis aliis* will be removed, if John De Lancaster pass through another edition.

---

# ORIGINAL POETRY.

## KLOPSTOCK'S PSALM OR *the* LORD'S PRAYER.

MOONS revolve round worlds,
And worlds revolve round suns,
All the host of suns
Revolve round one great sun,
Our Father, who art in Heaven,

On all these worlds, lighten'd, and giving light,
Live spirits in powers, and forms dissimilar;
But all think of God, and rejoice in God,
Hallowed be his name:

He, the Almighty,
Who can alone conceive himself,
And alone over himself rejoice,
He the vast design conceiv'd
To give his creatures joy:
May his kingdom come:

Well for them, that He, not they
Their present and their future regulated;
Well for them, and also well for us,
His will be done on Earth
As it is done in Heaven.

He raises with the stalk the ear on high;
He ripens the golden apple, the blushing grape;
He feeds the lamb on the hill, the roe in the wood;
But his thunder rolls along,
And his bolts destroy it,
On the stalk, on the branch, on the hill, in the wood:
Give us this day our daily bread.

High above the thunder's path
Do sinful mortals also live?
Does there the friend become the foe?
And are the friends by death disjoin'd?
Do mortals there their crimes conceal,
Yet punish others for a trivial fault?
Forgive our trespasses,
As we forgive those who trespass against us.

Different paths lead to the great goal,
To bliss eternal, and to lasting joys;
Some thro' gloomy deserts wind,
But in these some joys spring forth
To cheer the wanderer on his dreary way:
Lead us not into temptation,
But deliver us from evil.

Adoration to Thee, who the great sun
With suns, and earths, and moons encompass'd;
Who spirits created to enjoy thy works;
Who raises the ear, and feeds the lamb;
And thro' the desert paths the wanderer cheers;
Adoration to Thee!
For thine is the kingdom, and the power,
And the glory, for ever, and ever. Amen.

R. H.

---

THE HIGHWAYMAN; *or*, THE TRAGICAL ADVENTURES OF A GARRETEER. *A Parody, in Imitation of Parnel.* By FERDINAND FARQUHAR, *Esq.*

IN tow'ring attics, at a mod'rate rent,
Scroggen three slow revolving years had spent;
Like Virtue's garb, his dress was mean and bare,
And oft, Camelion like, he fed on air;
But when long fasts had thinn'd his guts with pain,
A song or pamphlet fill'd them up again!

A life so pleasing (like the varied year!)
Might well the wish of envious souls appear;
But learn, kind sirs, before the change you try,
Old Satan's finger plays in ev'ry pie *:
One night, ere hungry Scrog had roar'd his pray'rs,
The coal black hero softly crept up stairs,
Whisper'd that worth like his was ill repaid,
And o'er his faults the tints of virtue spread:
Scrog heard, believ'd, and dreamt of premiums rare.
But morning banish'd all his hopes in air!
Loud discontent inflames his angry breast,
And envious passions steal its wonted rest.
So when our Billingtons, like him of old †,
Their demi-semi-quav'ring skill unfold,
Thousands in wonder pay the silent vote,
And not a breath disturbs the trembling note;
But if a wretch, whom no sweet sounds inspire,
Cries, with Stentorian lungs, "fire, fire, boys, fire!"
The whole becomes one loud discordant roar,
As scrambling demi-gods regain the door!

To calm his mind, his empty purse to fill,
To see if what he dreamt was fancied ill,
(For well suspicious doubts might be conceiv'd,
Since dreams have oft the wisest heads deceiv'd)
He leaves his garret, bids his friends adieu,
And grasps his oaken cudgel firm and true;
Then at the dusk, in rusty sables clad,
Wander'd along with bosom light and glad.

Heav'n seem'd propitious to our hero's flight,
And round-fac'd Luna cheer'd the gloom of night:
With hasty strides the plain he measures o'er,
(His anxious eye intent new scenes t'explore)
Nor thinks to stop, till sounds of noisy joy
Bespeak an hospitable mansion nigh:
The tones were tempting, 'twas a syren's song
To one who lov'd good cheer, but miss'd it long;
So ent'ring strait, he join'd the jovial crew,
As gaily round the frothing tankard flew:
Close to his side it chanc'd a youth was plac'd,
Whose modest looks a threadbare garment grac'd;
With mild address, "good Sir, your health," he cried,
And, "thank ye, friend," th' enchanted Scrog replied;
Then, quaffing copious draughts of nut-brown ale,
He gave the song or told the jocund tale;
Pleas'd with each other, friendship firm they swore,
And both resolv'd to part that night no more.
Thus high the gallows lifts the luckless wight,
Thus luckless wights embrace the gallows tight.

---

* Le Diable se mêle de tout.

† Orpheus.

Now from the neighb'ring village spires around
The midnight hour commenc'd with hollow sound;
The canine watch no more their vigils keep,
And Nature's self seem'd lull'd awhile asleep;
Lost in discourse, the friends pursue their way,
Nor heed the signal of expiring day.
A dreary forest soon the path divides,
Whose thick'ning shades the lunar radiance hides;
Scrog sought in vain to find a dwelling near,
For secret horrors fill'd his soul with fear:
In vain he long'd for Grub-street's attics high,
And much he wish'd, but fear forbade to fly.
As thus he plann'd, by sad forebodings mov'd,
With gen'rous warmth the friend his fears reprov'd;
Forth from his vest the polish'd dirk he drew,
And held two leaden pistols up to view,
Then swore by Jove a host of fiends he scorn'd,
Long as the steel his nervous arm adorn'd!
This said, he darted in the thickest shade,
And trembling Scrog respondent efforts made:
There on a bed, more healthy far than down,
He sought the day's fatigue in rest to crown:
But sleep on Scrog her balm refus'd to pour,
Tho' wily cunning bade him feign to snore.

Whilst thus beneath the thicket's gloom they lay
A distant foot came slowly o'er the way;
Upstarts the friend, by cautious haste impell'd,
Whilst cautious fear the other's haste withheld:
Then darting swift, o'er briar and brake he flies,
And seeks the wand'rer's view with anxious eyes;
His anxious eye the wand'rer quickly meets,
And smiling gay in friendly accents greets:
With secret joy the friend his man survey'd,
Whose looks and dress substantial ease display'd;
Saw, with delight, a girdle clasp his waist,
And guess'd that good King George the girdle grac'd.
Sudden he halts, and with inflaming eye
Bids him "deliver, or prepare to die!"
Dismay'd the wand'rer views th' uplifted steel,
As faintly o'er the ground his footsteps reel,
Then from his waist the well-fill'd girdle tore,
Glad i' exchange for life the glittering ore:
The friend receives it, bids Heav'n speed his way,
And gains the brake where wond'ring Scroggen lay.

As some poor spendthrift, whom nor friend nor bail
Frees from the terrors of a gloomy jail,
Despairing views the long-shunn'd bailiff near,
Then runs or stops, as urg'd by hope or fear;
So seem'd poor Scroggen, when o'er morning dews
Close at his heels the friend his path pursues;
Trembling he fear'd to hear the thund'ring curse,
Then bless'd his stars he own'd an empty purse!

Now shone the sun with radiant blaze on high,
And scarce a breath disturbs the azure sky;
The forest now its shade no longer yields,
And parching heat dries up the verdant fields;
Tho' us'd to fasting, Scroggen longs for food,
And vows a draught of ale will do him good:
With answering thirst the friend a hut espied,
The nearest shelter on the landscape wide;
Thither the trav'llers bend their weary feet,
And quick arriv'd, a ready welcome meet.
Built on a hillock o'er the sloping sands,
The lonely cot a wide expanse commands:
Here lofty vessels plough the wat'ry main,
There verdant meadows grace the fertile plain;
While distant spires adorn the length'ning scene,
As yellow paths meand'ring run between:
Yet spite of all the landscape's charms around,
A view more precious hungry Scroggen found:—
Wand'ring he sees, tho' scarce without a doubt,
Beef and plumb-pudding, join'd to good brown stout;
Then quick his scruples hush'd, and press'd to eat,
He lick'd his lips and prais'd the sav'ry treat!

The dinner past, as gay the glass went round,
And jocund toasts each sparkling bumper crown'd,
A train of grave reflections (often call'd
To lend their aid when hunger's gnaw appall'd)
Cross'd unrequested thro' our hero's brain,
And led him back to Grub-street scenes again.
Thankful he prais'd the landlord's bounteous heart,
And wish'd his scribbling brethren shar'd a part;
But scarce his grateful wonder limits knew,
When forth the friend his well-fill'd girdle drew,
And off'ring gay, the gen'rous smuggler swore
Their bill was paid and cancell'd all their score.

And now the growling tempest rends the sky,
And ragged lightnings o'er the landscape fly;
Now rolls the thunder o'er the troubled deep,
And bellowing storms the delug'd mountains sweep;
Drench'd to the skin by gusts of hail and rain,
Scrog and his friend speed back their steps again;
With open arms the host his guests receives,
And mirth once more the tedious hour relieves.

As thus they sat and drank the smuggler's ale
Grave thoughts afresh poor Scroggen's mind assail:
Mistrustful glances from his eye-lids dart,
That prove the turbid motions of his heart;
Secret he views the unknown friend with dread,
And fancies gibbets tow'ring o'er his head;
Then slily weighs his purse with wistful eyes,
And thinks himself entitled to the prize!

At length to storms serener skies succeed,
Again the trav'llers on their road proceed,
Again their footsteps thro' a forest lead.
Fir'd by the fumes of ale and generous cheer,
Scroggen no longer felt oppress'd by fear;
No more he lagg'd with cautious pace behind,
And attic scribblers scarcely cross'd his mind;
In jocund strains the vagrant tribe he sung,
For whom the spreading oak its foliage hung;
Gaily preferr'd the brook like chrystal clear,
To muddy water, vulgarly call'd beer;
Shew'd that plum-pudding now and then was good,
But prov'd that roots and herbs were healthier food:
Then quickly snatching from his partner's side
High to his lips the well-fill'd flask applied;
Sipp'd, talk'd, and sipp'd, and shew'd with logic deep
That ale and brandy lull a man to sleep!

Scarce had the friends their nasal concert join'd,
And list'ning zephyrs answer'd in the wind;
Scarce had nocturnal shades involv'd the sky,
And Luna lit her blazing fires on high,
With various noise the echoing woods resound,
And distant hoofs reverb'rate o'er the ground.
Sudden the friend his trusty pistols grasps,
And round his waist the well-fill'd girdle clasps;
Then roving Scroggen, as in sleep he lay,
Drags him resistless o'er the thorny way.
A chariot soon attracts the wand'rer's view,
Which rattling loud across the forest flew;
Gay Jack the post-boy thoughtless drives along,
And hums or whistles o'er his am'rous song,
Whilst good *your Honour* at his ease reclin'd,
Snores in loud concert with the rustling wind.
Jack soon beholds the friends in ambush lie,
And spurs his nags with anxious speed to fly;
But full as soon, by *arguments profound*,
The luckless wight falls vanquish'd to the ground!
Our valiant friend next hails the drowsy 'squire,
Whose purse rewards his pistols' thund'ring fire;
Then seeks the bush which modest Scrog conceal'd,
Whom purging fits had forc'd to quit the field!
For scarce old Nick, with horns, and hoof, and tail,
And spitting flames, his guts could more assail!

In silent haste the friends again proceed,
For distant rustlings bade them fly with speed:
Ev'n fainting Scrog, tho' pain'd by gripings sore,
With true French courage scamper'd on before;
But soon, by dint of fresh fatigues and pain,
His courage fled and fears return'd again!
The friendly flask he summon'd to his aid,
And sat and sipp'd, and sage reflections made;
Then rising, slaps his breech, and grins around,
As tho' his eye some long-sought praise had found.
It chanc'd their journey thro' a hollow lay,
Where thick'ning brambles lin'd the treach'rous way:
For murd'rous feats the place had long been known,
And few that pass'd it dar'd to pass alone.
High skill'd in Newgate lore and wonders wild,
Our cautious friend the lonely path beguil'd:
Scrog feign'd to listen, whilst his watchful eye
Explor'd each bush, each stone, and brambly nigh;
But sudden starting, ere the friend look'd round,
Tripp'd up his heels and threw him on the ground;
Then seizing tight his throat, with horrid curse
Bade him in turn deliver up his purse!
Oh! for a Hogarth's skill, a Gillray's fire!
To paint the horrors which his looks inspire!
Struggling he pants for liberty and breath,
Whilst Scroggen aims the instrument of death;
Then "murder, murder!" cries with furious sound,
And "murder, murder," echoes all around!

Whilst thus the friends their murd'rous acts rehearse,
And Scrog already holds the farmer's purse,
Six well-arm'd horsemen scouring o'er the way [lay,
Approach the hollow where the champions
And seizing both, in spite of proffer'd bail,
Lodg'd them securely in the neighb'ring jail;
Where, in due time, to warn both old and young, [hung!
The wand'ring pair were sentenc'd to be

And now the glorious morn at length drew nigh [on high;
When modest Scrog was doom'd to mount
With schemes of flight he long had rack'd his brain, [prov'd vain!
But all his schemes, his hopes, and plans
In sullen sadness brooding o'er his doom,
He madly dar'd Old Nick himself to come;
Call'd him the author of his wretched fate,
And bade him fetch him ere it prov'd too late! [nounc'd,
Scarce had his lips the impious curse pro-
When 'fore his view a well-known figure bounc'd:
Array'd he sees still dress'd in modest guise
His captive friend; then starts and wildly cries— [the rest,
"Foul wretch, begone!" but horror check'd
For lo! the stranger stood an imp confess'd!
His modest phiz assumes a satyr's grin,
A hairy vestment clothes his tawny skin;
Between his ears two horns are seen to grow,
And from his nostrils streams of sulphur flow: [bends,
With limping pace the cloven foot he
Whilst from his back a length'ning tail depends;
Then borne on dragon wings around the cell,
He fills the prison with a horrid yell!

Mute as a statue wretched Scroggen stood,
And palsied terrors curdled up his blood;
No modern swoon bestow'd its gentle aid,
Nor ev'n Death a welcome visit paid!
The grinning imp again long silence broke,
And Hell itself seem'd roaring as he spoke!

"Thy temp'rate life in Grub-street's attics high [eye;
For three long years I view'd with jealous
In vain new stratagems I sought to find
To lead astray thy ever wary mind;
Till, mad with rage, I left Hell's regions fair— [be there!
Nay don't look sad—thou'lt soon thyself

"First learn the base on which my rights depend,
Then own my sceptre triumphs in the end!
"Long since, when Adam sign'd the well-known fall,
By matchless art I gain'd this checquer'd ball;
Since then I reign with undivided sway,
And tribes and nations all my nod obey;
But, if a rebel proudly dares to rise,
My certain vengeance round the victim flies,
Toils, treason, stratagems their force unite,
Till humbled low he owns my hidden might.
With various proofs our short-liv'd journey teem'd—
(To thee and all a highwayman I seem'd!)
Yet urg'd by these my hidden pow'r regard,
And learn how *merit* finds its sure reward!

"The blust'ring grazier, who, where'er he cou'd,
Prov'd the vain foolery of doing good;
Who daily fed the beggar at his door,
And spent his substance on the filthy poor;
Long since deserv'd my sov'reign wrath to feel,
And thus at last I check'd his stupid zeal!

"Our gen'rous landlord, at whose lonely seat [meet,
Footpads and highwaymen and smugglers
Where prowling murd'rers lurk in dark disguise, [prize;
Full well deserv'd the grazier's glittering
But soon or late his worth shall be repaid,
And ropes already dangle o'er his head.
Then whilst your virtuous fools half-starv'd and bare
Wallow in dirt or feed on nought but air,
My friends taste beef and ale whene'er they please,
And lofty honours crown a life of ease!

"Oft has old Worthy felt my wrath of late, [wait;
And fresh reproof the harden'd wretch a-
No longer virtuous rogues can rot in jail,
He spies their merit and procures them bail:
The glittering purse I lately bore away
Was doom'd a canting beggar's debts to pay;
But now beneath a dungeon's dismal gloom
In blank despair the knave awaits his doom.

"Yet ah! in vain success my schemes had blest,
Had rigid virtue still inspir'd thy breast;
To gain thy soul I ply'd each crafty wile,
And view'd thee way'ring with malicious smile; [breath,
But when beneath thy grasp I roar'd for
A grin triumphant seal'd thy certain death.

"Attendant sprites shall waft thy soul to Hell, [farewel!"
The gallows waits—Dear Scrog, once more

Bounce thro' the key-hole here the fiend withdrew,
And Scrog stood gaping as on high he flew:
Thus star'd poor Saul, when, at his proud command, [wand,
The wrinkled Sorc'ress mov'd her potent
And rising from the shades, majestic, slow,
The prophet spoke and told the tale of woe!

In loud despair the wretched scribbler burst,
Curs'd his vile sentence and its author curst;
Arraign'd ev'n Heav'n's decrees with impious tongue,
Mounted the cart, thrice sigh'd, and then was hung!

*Manchester, July*, 1809. C.

# THE NEW PATENTS.

*Mr.* G. FINCK's, *the younger, of St. Anne's, Soho, for manufacturing various kinds of Metal Laces, so as to imitate Gold and Silver Laces, and also for manufacturing Gold and Silver Laces.*

FOR manufacturing yellow copper lace, the wire is to be drawn down to about the size of fourteen-penny silver, or finer, to be flatted and spun in the engine upon fine thread, yarn, incle, or cotton, of a yellow, orange, or lemon colour, of various shades or tints, as the work may require; and to be woven upon fine thread, cotton, yarn, or incle, the size of spun silk of the same colour, &c. the warp to be weighted as a spun silk warp, and to be woven in a loom. For manufacturing yellow copper wire lace, the wire is to be drawn down to about the size of fine twenty-penny coppers, to be shot upon a fine warp of cotton, weighted as a spun silk warp, and to be woven in a loom. For yellow copper French braid lace, the wire is to be drawn down about fourteen-penny silver, or finer, flatted and spun in the engine upon fine thread, &c. as before, likewise to be platted with loaded bobbins upon a cushion in the same manner as the gold French braid is manufactured, and to be calendered in the same manner as French braid. For manufacturing yellow copper Prussian braids, the wire is to be drawn down to about the size of fourteen-penny silver, or finer, to be flatted and spun in the engine upon fine thread, yarn, incle, &c. of a yellow, orange, or lemon colour; the warp for the orris and edges to be manufactured of the preceding articles, to be backed with a warp of thread, yarn, incle, or cotton, of the same colour, shades, or tints, as the preceding, as the colour of the work may require, and to be woven in a loom. For manufacturing yellow copper satin braids and other braids, the wire must also be drawn down to about the size of fourteen-penny silver, or finer, and be flatted and spun in the engine upon fine thread, yarn, incle, &c. of the same colour, shades, tints, &c. to be shot also as before directed, and woven in a loom. For manufacturing yellow copper open lace, the wire is to be drawn down as before directed, to produce fine warp for the ground, and to be figured with the copper twist, check, or orris, according as designed in the same manner as the British thread lace, and when off the pillow to be calendered as gold and silver vellums. For manufacturing white-plated copper lace, the copper is to be silvered as directed by act of parliament. In fact, the process appears to be much the same for the whole; but for manufacturing gold, superb, open lace, the ground is to be made with engine warp, and as fine as possible; to be figured with fine twist, check, or orris, and afterwards calendered like gold vellum. The same process is to be observed for manufacturing silver, superb, open lace, which is also to be calendered as the silver vellum.

---

*Mr.* T. *and* J. CLATSWORTHY, *of Winsford, for Shears on an improved Construction for shearing Sheep, &c.*

THE principle of this invention is the bow of the shears, which is made double. The bow, before it is turned, is about nine or ten inches long, which is turned double in the middle: it is then brought straight, leaving a snout about an inch long in the middle of the bow. When the bow is turned into shape, the hinder part of the bow must be held in a vice, and the snout twisted; and if the bow should be weak or injured in turning, a small rivet may be put in the front.

---

*Mr.* NOON's, *of Burton-upon-Trent, for Improvements upon Guns, Pistols, and other Fire Arms, which are also applicable to Cannon and other large Guns.*

THIS patent is partly described by plates. The first figure exhibits a view of the inside of the gun lock. The pan, the hammer, and the plate are the only parts of the lock that vary from the usual construction.—The second figure shows a transverse section of the hammer, the pan, and gun-barrel, or breech. The parts chambered out of the hammer and

pan, next the barrel or breech at the touch-hole, are made to receive a swell or bulge left on the barrel or breech, opposite to the chamber; and the barrel or breech is hollowed out round the swell or bulge. At the bottom of the chamber is a hole through the plate under the pan. When the lock and barrel are put together, it is evident that any water which may insinuate itself between them, will run down the projection to a hollow in the breech, and from thence escape through a hole, without even touching the powder in the pan, provided the chamber and the projection are made to fit close.

---

*Mr.* NICHOLAS FAIRLESS, *of South Shields, for a Windlass, Windlass Bitts, and Metallic Hawse Hole Chamber, by which manual Labour and Time are saved in heaving to, and getting on Board, Ships' Anchors.*

THE bitt-heads are hollow, containing the wheels wrought by the cranks or handles, which give motion to the windlass body. The surge-boxes are of cast iron, having such an angle, that when a rope is applied round the ends of a windlass to raise a weight, the rope slips down, or is forced by the adjoining part of the said rope into its original situation, and is thereby prevented from what the seamen call riding, that is, the one part crossing the other, which always produces much delay and inconvenience. The windlass body turns on an iron axis, the ends of which are turned to fit the pall-wheels, and the windlass ends are secured by keys inserted into each. By Mr. F.'s method, the force extended to the cranks or handles is thrown on the windlass body, without any twist being laid on the iron axis. The ends of the windlass are inserted into the surge-boxes; their centres are secured to the ends of the axis by keys. There is a cast iron pall-box, with a hole of an octagonal or other form, to answer the size and shape of the shaft of the windlass, and which being driven to the centre of the shaft, becomes a hoop to the same. The exterior of the pall-box is divided into any number of parts as occasion may require, and is indented to admit palls or stops, which are fixed by hinges to the pall bitt, to fall into the said indents, and thereby prevent the windlass having a reverse motion. The pall-wheels at the end of the windlass may have any number of teeth, so as the palls act with those at the centre; consequently the handles can be forced back but a few inches by any extraordinary resistance on the windlass body.

The patentee, who has illustrated his specification with drawings, urges that his invention consists not only in making the improved windlass, but also of attaching or applying any of its parts to the common windlass now in use.

---

## TRANSACTIONS OF LEARNED & ECONOMICAL SOCIETIES.

### ROYAL SOCIETY.

AN ingenious paper, by the Rev. Mr. Lax, professor of astronomy at Cambridge, has been lately read, on the means of graduating and correcting mathematical instruments.—This gentleman uses Cary's semicircle of a foot diameter, corrects it by microscopes and observations, and adjusts it so as to counteract the expansion and contraction by change of temperature.

A mathematical paper, by Mr. Ivory, has also been laid before the society.

Dr. Wollaston read a paper, proving the identity of columbium and tantalium, the former discovered by Mr. Hatchett, the latter by the Swedish chemist, Ekeberg. Dr. W. procured some grains of the original specimens from the British Museum, and from Mr. Hatchett; and notwithstanding the smallness of the quantity, he succeeded in proving them to be radically the same metal.

Another paper, read by the Doctor, discovered a method for measuring the angles of crystals by a goniometer, by means of reflection with microscopes, which enable the observer to ascertain exactly the angles of crystals,

whether rough or smooth. The Doctor also exhibited a drawing of this useful instrument.

The Society for improving animal chemistry furnished a paper by Mr. Brandé, detailing the results of a series of experiments on animal mucus and albumen, exposed to galvanic electricity.

A paper was also read from Dr. Pearson, on expectoral matter; by which it appeared, from his experiments, that expectorations differ rather in the proportion than in kind. They all consist of albuminous matter, water, and the two principal ingredients are muriate of soda, and pot-ash, neutralized by animal oxide, if not by a destructible acid, besides a small proportion of phosphate of lime, ammonia, carbonate of lime, and probably phosphate of magnesia, and siliceous earth. Pot-ash neutralized by animal matter, the Doctor announced, was contained in the blood, and in most or all of the secreted and excreted fluids, namely, in dropsical water, pus, both that secreted without breach of surface, as well as that of abscesses, and in the urine, &c. He did not find soda, as represented by former chemists, impregnating the animal fluids: he urges that almost every kind of vegetable food contains the pot-ash united to some matter destructible by fire, which is not the case of soda, and that it is as little likely that pot-ash should be altered by digestion, as the muriate of the soda itself constantly taken with our food. Pot-ash, it was remarked, was always found in larger proportion in expectorated matter, than in the serum of the blood; as the former, when exsiccated, commonly shews signs of deliquescence on exposure to the air.

A letter from T. A. Knight, Esq. was read on the relative influence of the male and female, on the size and character of the offspring. Contrary to the opinion of Linnæus, Mr. K. considers the female as influencing the size and character, but opposes Mr. Cline's opinion that large females should be used for breeding; because though their legs will be longer in proportion to the size of the fœtus, yet their bodies will want the due proportion of depth and thickness, and the animal will be less vigorous and powerful. Thus for instance, foals of large mares and small horses, have the chest thin and narrow, whereas the contrary is the case with those of small mares and large horses. Males from large mares the author found unserviceable from their want of proportion, and consequently want of strength.

Some additional interesting observations by Messrs. Pepys and Allen were read, on the azote disengaged by respiration. In these memoirs it was again affirmed that a considerable quantity of oxygen was lost in the process of respiration, that azote was formed, that an animal can breathe oxygen and hydrogen an hour without any inconvenience, but that hydrogen alone, occasions sleepiness. The term azote, they observe, is an indefinite name, for all gas that is incombustible, irrespirable, and inabsorbable by water; but from Professors Davy and Berzelius's experiments, they conjecture that it is really of a *metallic* origin.

A paper by Mr. Home, on animal secretions, contained some plausible conjectures on the probable effects of electricity in assisting the secretion of blood, serum, albumen, and the other animal fluids. An examination of the electric eel had led him to adopt this opinion, and the immense quantity of nerves which appear necessary to produce the electric power.

### *On the Structure of Calculi, or Stones in the Urinary Passages.*

Mr. Brandé has laid before the Society, an account of the differences in the structure of calculi, which arise from their being formed in different parts of the urinary passages; and on the effects that are produced upon them by the internal use of solvent medicines. The experiments made by this gentleman were very numerous, and on an uncommonly large collection of calculi, to most of which histories of the case are annexed. The subject is divided into different sections: the 1st relates to calculi formed in the kidnies, and voided without having undergone any changes in the urinary passages. These are entirely soluble in a solution of pure pot-ash: and when exposed to the action of the blow-pipe, they blacken and emit a strong odour, which arises from the

animal matter which they contain, and which occasions the loss in the analysis of these calculi. Its relative quantity is liable to much variation. In one instance a calculus from the kidney, weighing 7 grains, was ascertained to consist of

| | Grains. |
|---|---|
| Uric acid ..... | 4.5 |
| Animal matter .... | 2.5 |
| | 7.0 |

In some cases the calculi from the kidnies consist almost wholly of uric acid; sometimes phosphate of lime was combined with the acid.

II. In treating of the calculi which have been retained in the kidnies, and which frequently increase in that situation to a considerable size, he observes that this augmentation is of two kinds.

1. Where there is a great disposition to the formation of uric acid, the calculus consists wholly of that substance and animal matter, so as frequently to form a complete cast of the pelvis of the kidney.

2. Where there is less disposition to form uric acid, the external laminæ are composed of the ammoniaco-magnesian phosphate, and phosphate of lime.

In one instance, a small uric calculus was so deposited on the kidney, that its upper surface was exposed to a continual stream of urine, upon which beautiful crystals of the triple phosphate had been deposited. Mr. Brandé therefore infers, that, under common circumstances, a stream of urine passing over a calculus of uric acid, has a tendency to deposit the phosphate upon it.

III. The calculi of the urinary bladder are of four kinds:

1. Those formed upon nuclei of uric acid, from the kidney.

2. Those formed upon nuclei of oxalate of lime from the kidney.

3. Those formed upon sand or animal mucus deposited in the bladder.

4. Those formed upon extraneous bodies introduced into the bladder. These are arranged under the following divisions:—First, Calculi, which from their external appearance consist chiefly of uric acid, and which are chiefly or entirely soluble in a solution of pure pot-ash. Secondly, Calculi composed chiefly of the ammoniaco-magnesian phosphate, or of phosphate of lime, or of mixtures of the two. These are characterised by their whiteness; by exhibiting small prismatic crystals upon their surface, and by their solubility in dilute muriatic acid. Thirdly, Calculi, containing oxalate of lime commonly called mulberry calculi. These are distinguished by the difficulty with which they are dissolved in acids, by their hardness, and by leaving pure lime, when exposed to the action of the blowpipe.

---

### BRITISH INSTITUTION.

WE understand that at a late meeting of the directors of this Institution, it was resolved to devote the gallery, during the summer recess, entirely to the service of the artists. Several of our nobility and gentry, who are in possession of the finest paintings by the old masters, have announced their intention of sending to the gallery, during the summer recess, a few specimens of approved excellence for the study and example of our native artists. Such a measure would at all times have been of the first importance to the exertions of native genius, but more particularly at the present moment; as, owing to the convulsed state of the continent, it is nearly impossible for the English artist to benefit by those immortal examples of the Italian and Flemish schools.

But it is said that the British Institution gallery of pictures has closed this year, after a season less profitable to the exhibitors than any former one. Those in landscape were most successful. The unwarrantable prices set by some of the younger candidates is said to have occasioned this neglect. It is hoped the mortification attached to this circumstance may prevent it in future. The superior works, brought forward this season by the young candidates, prove the utility of the establishment; but to be permanent, it must be continued on a liberal system: for, if the senior artists are neglected, the avowed intention of the Institution will be frustrated. If it appears that patronage is to cease when an artist has matured his talent,

his exertions will be paralysed. "The British Institution for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts" is a lofty title, which a partial patronage, so inferior to its power, turns in some degree to irony. If the senior artists are neglected by the professed patrons, it has been justly asked, 'To whom are they to look for professional reward?'

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

Mr. Waistell has obtained the gold medal for his paper on the "method of ascertaining the value of growing timber trees at different and distant periods of time." The author was led to the investigation of this subject from being called to value timber in all its stages; to point out the most proper and profitable time for felling it. Having spared no pains in collecting all the facts connected with the subject, he found the increase generally from about one to two inches annually, and from twelve to eighteen inches the annual increase in height; some falling a little short, and some exceeding those measures. Mr. Waistell has published two tables: the first shews every fourth rate, from 1 to 100; the rates per cent. per ann. at which all trees increase, whether they grow fast or slow, provided their rate of growth does not vary. This table may be of service in saving young thriving woods from being cut down, and by shewing the loss sustained in felling timber prematurely. —The second table shews the rate per cent. to be the same as in the first table, though the annual increase is more, both in height and circumference. It must be observed, that the whole height of the trees is taken to the top of the leading shoot, and the girt in the middle; but no account is taken of the lateral branches.

# VARIETIES, LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL;

## *With Notices respecting Men of Letters, Artists, and Works in Hand, &c. &c.*

MR. James Norris Brewer, whose several communications to this Magazine must have been read with much pleasure by many of our subscribers, has just commenced an interesting work of "Descriptions, historical and architectural, of splendid Palaces and Public Buildings, English and Foreign, with biographical Notices of their Founders or Builders, and other eminent Persons." The work is handsomely printed in quarto, and the first number contains excellent engravings, by Parker and Storer, of Somerset house and Linlithgow palace. It is intended that six numbers shall form a volume, and complete the work, unless the public encouragement should be sufficient to induce a continuation, comprehending every public building and palace worth notice, and consonant to the plan of the work. And as the plates for the first volume are actually finished and proofs at the publishers, the disappointment frequently experienced by subscribers to periodical works, from an unexpected cessation, or from an inferiority of the execution of the following numbers, cannot occur in this instance.

The Greek Inscription to *Jupiter Urius* is now safely lodged in that noble repository, the British Museum. It had been preserved in the family of Dr. Mead by his own particular desire, and has lately been presented to the public by Miss Mead, his grand daughter and only surviving descendant. It decides the long contested object of conjectural criticism. Spon and Wheler transcribed it from the stone at Chalcedon, but both incorrectly. Chishul also published it with some faults. Bentley corrected it by conjecture; and when the stone came over to England, Bentley was right, and all the rest were wrong.

The Rev. Joseph Wilson, of Cheam school, is preparing for the press an Introduction to Bishop Butler's Analogy, in a series of letters to a student at the university.

The Rev. E. Nares, of Biddenden, is preparing some Remarks on the Unitarian Version of the New Testament.

A translation of a late Voyage of

Discovery to the South Seas, performed by order of the Emperor Napoleon, will shortly make its appearance in English.

A Voyage to Pekin, by M. de Guegnes, French resident in China, has been translated into English, and will soon be ready for publication.

M. de Gardanne's Travels in Turkey and Persia, a translation from the French, will soon appear in an English dress.

An Essay on Theatres, and on the propriety of vaulting them with brick and stone, is in the press. This work is illustrated with a plan and section for a new theatre; and its object is to revive the mode of constructing the vaults of the ancient cathedral. A theatre constructed upon this model would be less expensive and much more secure against the dreadful hazards to which they are exposed by the present mode of building.

An Irish gentleman of rank in London, during the last three years, is preparing a Series of Letters to his Father in Ireland, containing the secret history of the British court and the metropolis, with a sketch of modern manners and society.

A translation of Laborde's View of Spain, composing a descriptive itinerary, or topographical delineation of each province, and a general statistical account of the country, will soon be ready for publication.

The Rev. Melville Horne, of Christ Church, Macclesfield, is about to publish an Investigation of the Definition of justifying Faith, the damnatory Clause under which it is administered, and the Doctrine of a direct Witness of the Spirit, held by Dr. Coke and other Methodist Preachers.

Mr. A. Murray, Fellow of the Antiquarian Society of Edinburgh, and Secretary for Foreign Correspondence, will shortly publish, in quarto, Researches into the Origin and Affinity of the Greek and Teutonic Languages.

Mr. Ward, Lecturer on Experimental Chemistry, has in the press a Dictionary of Chemistry and Mineralogy, in one volume, illustrated with plates.

The Rev. Dr. Washbourne, of Wellingborough, is revising and correcting Bishop Reynolds on Ecclesiastes, &c. which will appear in the course of the summer.

A petrified land tortoise has lately been found by some workmen digging in Swanage rocks, in the island of Purbeck, seventy feet deep from the surface, in the highest state of perfection. It was first shewn to the Rev. Samuel Woolmer, who offered them five guineas for it. This the men refused; and after shewing it about, they sold it to a gentleman of Upway for eight guineas. Three hundred have been offered since for it, and refused. Its mate was supposed to have been near it; after digging some time another was dug up, but entirely broken in pieces and spoiled.

The following is Mr. Hume's new plan for detecting arsenic.—"Let one grain of white oxide of arsenic and the same quantity of carbonate of soda be dissolved, by boiling in ten or twelve ounces of distilled water, which ought to be done in a glass vessel; to this let a small quantity of the nitrate of silver be added, and a bright *yellow* precipitate will instantly appear. This is a more decisive test than sulphate of copper; but though this process answers very well with pot-ash, or even lime water, the common carbonate of soda ought to be preferred."

*A new Recipe for the Ague.*—Laurel leaves dried and powdered; for a grown person as much as will lie on a crown-piece. Divide this medicine into three equal portions; to be taken at three different times, in an interval of the ague fit, in a glass of wine, ale, or cyder, and lie on the bed to encourage perspiration.

*A Substitute for Indian Ink.*—Take a candle, and smoke a tile with the flame; work this together with saliva or gum water, and when put on paper it will make as good a black paint as Indian ink.

A humorous correspondent recommends the following method of getting rid of black beetles or cock roaches:—Pour occasionally a kettle or two of boiling water into the place of their retreat, which is frequently a hole in kitchen floors, &c. Should this be impracticable, place a soup plate of

table-beer near their rendezvous; for these gentlemen, like many of our own species, have a great partiality to drowning themselves in malt liquor.

*Mr. Matthew's Recipe for making Family Wine.*—Take black currants, red ditto, white ditto, ripe cherries, (black hearts are the best) raspberries, each an equal quantity: if the black currants be the most abundant, so much the better. To four pounds of the mixed fruit, well bruised, put one gallon of clear soft water; steep three days and three nights, in open vessels, frequently stirring up the mass; then strain through a hair sieve; the remaining pulp press to dryness. Put both liquids together; and to each gallon of the whole put three pounds of good rich moist sugar, of a bright yellowish appearance. Let the whole stand again three days and nights, frequently stirring up as before, after skimming off the top. Then tun it into casks, and let it remain, fall and purging at the bung-hole, about two weeks. Lastly, to every nine gallons put one quart of good brandy. If it does not soon drop fine, a steeping of isinglass may be introduced, and stirred into the liquid in the proportion of about half an ounce to nine gallons.

The restrictions upon foreign commerce in Holland has given rise to a very extensive and successful culture of tobacco at Amersfort and its vicinity, in the department of Utrecht: when manufactured, it is of a superior quality, and holds the first place in trade after that of Virginia. The leaf is large, soft, unctuous, and of a good colour. It has the rare advantage of communicating its flavour to tobaccos of an inferior quality, of which latter sort a considerable quantity is grown in Guelderland. The tobacco, both in leaf and manufactured, is exported in considerable quantities from Holland to Germany, and the north of Europe.

Mr. Lyung, a Swedish naturalist, has discovered a new species of mouse, which he has named *Sorex Caniculatus*. It is the smallest animal known of the mammiferous class.

The late Mr. Porson's large paper copy of the splendid Grenville Homer was knocked down to Messrs. Payne and Mackinlay of the Strand, who disposed of it immediately for a hundred pounds.

Canvas, of an excellent quality, is now made in such large quantities at Calcutta, from the common sunplant, as to have nearly superseded English canvas throughout India.—Should the raw material ever become scarce in this country, the freight of canvas from India to Europe would be trifling, when compared to the freight of the raw article.

Dr. Anderson, of the botanical garden at St. Vincent's, has transmitted to this country specimens of the barks of five different kinds of trees, which he conceives may become substitutes for oak-bark in tanning. They are all common on that island, and, if found to possess the astringent or tanning quality, may be procured at a very low price. The maljughra, used by the Spaniards of South America for that purpose, is among the specimens. The Doctor has also transmitted some leaves of a wild plant, called the *agave*, which he considers an excellent substitute for hemp, and the fibres of which may be separated from the fleshy substance of the leaves without steeping or any other previous process.

---

### *Africa.*

The following are the latest particulars that have been received relative to the state of the colony of Sierra Leone.

A number of plants received from the African institution, among which are the vine and white and red mulberries, are in a flourishing condition. The principal danger seems to be of their being exhausted by too rapid a growth. A piece of ground is in clearing, on the highest part of the neighbouring mountains, for the sake of trying a more temperate climate. The employment of oxen in draught has been attended in this colony with great success. The draught oxen have been fed on cassada, and have been found to improve under their labour, and to produce better beef than any other cattle. The bark of the mangrove, of which a specimen was lately ordered by the African institution, has been tried in this colony, in consequence of the sugges-

tion of the institution; and, as far as can be collected from the small scale on which the experiment has been made, it appears to answer the same purposes as oak bark in tanning. A road is in considerable forwardness towards a favourable situation on the banks of the largest stream of water known to exist within the colony, where the soil appears superior to any in the neighbourhood of the present establishment, and likely to be favourable to the growth of hemp. Carriage roads have also been made within the town of Georgetown, and measures have been taken for improving the watering-place.

*France.*

According to a report made in the National Institute, M. Doufourgerais, optician to the Emperor Napoleon, has produced a ponderous flint glass, intended for the manufacture of achromatic glasses, in which he has attained the highest degree of perfection ever attained by those of English manufacture. The glass made by him is heavier than flint glass; its specific gravity being 3,588, while the heaviest flint glass is only 3,329.

M. Vauquelin has examined the root of a species of polypody, known by the appellation of calaguala. Of the substances which compose it, only those soluble in alcohol and water are capable of producing any effect on the animal economy. These are saccharine matter, mucilage, muriate of potash and rosin, which last he conjectures would be found to destroy the tape-worm. He has likewise made similar experiments on the roots of the common polypody and male fern, and obtained from them precisely similar principles, and nearly in the same proportions as from the calaguala. The former roots, however, contain a small quantity of tannin. Thus the analogy of organization, which led Jussieu and Richard to conclude that the medicinal virtues of the calaguala root must be similar to those of other ferns, is fully confirmed by chemical analysis.

The following method of making artificial stone in the vicinity of Dunkirk has been published by M. Bertrand:—The materials employed for this purpose are the ruins of the citadel, consisting of lime, bricks, and sand. These are broken to pieces by means of a mill, formed of two stone wheels following each other and drawn by a horse. Water is added, and the matter when well ground is reddish. This is put into a trough, and kept soft by means of water.—When the trough is full, some lime is burned and slaked by leaving it exposed to the air, and this is mixed in the proportion of one-eighth with the above cement. A wooden mould is laid on the stone, and, after a thin layer of sand has been thrown on the latter to prevent the adhesion of the cement, a layer of cement is poured in, and on this a layer of bricks broken into acute-angled fragments. Thus two other strata are put in before the last, which is of pure cement. The mould being removed, the stones thus formed are laid in heaps to dry. The lime being very greedy of water, and quickly becoming solid, these stones are not long in forming a hard body fit for building.

M. Braconnot has analysed some fossil horns of an extraordinary size, found in an excavation at St. Martin, near Commercy. He supposes them to have been the horns of the great wild ox, the urus of the ancients, and aurochs of the Germans.

*Germany.*

Dr. Jahn, of Berlin, has lately described and analysed an oriental turquoise from Visiapour, near Khorasan, which he found to contain:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Alumine | 73. |
| Oxide of copper | 4.5 |
| ——— iron | 4. |
| Water | 18. |
| | 99.5 |

This result verifies that obtained by Lowitz, and proves the existence of two distinct species of the turquoise.

Dr. Jahn likewise conceives that he has found a new volatile and acidifiable metal in the grey ore of manganese from Saxony. He obtained it by distilling the ore with sulphuric acid. The volatile metallic acid combines with a weak solution of pot-ash put into the receiver, and tinges it crimson. From this liquor, gallic acid, or infusion of galls,

throws down a chesnut brown precipitate. Prussiates immediately change the red colour to a fine lemon yellow, but without any precipitation. The carbonates do not precipitate the red solution; but if it be heated with a little alcohol, the red colour changes to a green; a smell of ether is given out, and then the carbonates throw down a brown oxide, which is soluble in muriatic acid.

## MEMOIRS OF REMARKABLE PERSONS.

### *Mr.* THOMAS BRADFORD.

THIS veteran, son of the Rev. John Bradford, late vicar of Holne, Devon, at an early age entered the navy as midshipman, and having served five years in that capacity was discharged, the war being terminated: he then enlisted into the army, where he has been actively employed until the return of our forces, under Sir David Baird, from Spain; when, on account of long and trying services, he obtained,—what? *his discharge!*—In the military service he has passed 32 years of his life, during 30 of which he was constantly out of England, and in this period has been actually engaged with the enemies of his country in 104 battles, that is, in 5 actions at sea, and 99 on land!!—In the course of which he suffered exceedingly from unwholesome climates, and inclement seasons, from shipwrecks, sickness and fatigue, and from extreme hunger and thirst and starvation; added to which he now labours under the infirmity of deafness, from firing off a cannon, which, after 170 rounds began to melt, but not before the numerous and rapid explosions had caused blood to pour from both his ears. This gun was twice manned, and out of 16 persons employed, all were killed or wounded, except himself and two others.

At Bervil Camp, Guadaloupe, under Brigadier-General Graham, 300 British and 250 Loyalists, out of 2500, the rest being sick from fatigue and the unwholesomeness of the climate, were stormed by 7000 of the enemy, who were completely repulsed that day. But having to engage this very superior force for 9 days successively, the General being wounded, and Major Forbes killed, Captain Stoving was obliged to surrender for want of provisions and ammunition; when 2818 were taken prisoners, among whom was Bradford, by Victor Hughes, who kept them on board prison ships for two years, on a scarcity of water and unwholesome food; from which barbarous and inhuman treatment only 80 survived. At Bervil Camp, Bradford had four narrow escapes:—a bullet passed through the sling of his firelock; a cannon-shot carried off part of his musket; the blowing-up of a magazine shattered to pieces the hut in which he was at only a few yards distance; and five out of eight (sitting together) were killed or wounded by a cannon-ball.

He was at the taking of Fort Bombard, St. Domingo, to which place they marched from sun-rise till 12 o'clock at night, when a number of them dropped dead, from excessive heat, fatigue, and want of water. And, finally, in Spain, "where" he says, "we had to retreat 200 miles before the French army, consisting of a force enormously superior. From the excessive fatigue, inclemency of the season, roads almost impassable, forced marchings, and other various hardships incident to a retreating army, numbers died on the road, men, women, and children: and at the battle of Corunna, I was stationed at the colours, where 4 officers and 3 serjeants were killed and wounded, and I had 5 balls pass through my clothes, notwithstanding which, I providentially escaped unhurt. But the greatest, indeed the only hardship of which I complain, is that of not being permitted to accept of promotion when offered me by a Colonel in the Horse, when I had been 17 years in his Majesty's service; although the officer who refused me, frequently expressed himself my sincere friend, and said he would do any thing to serve me."

Thus, at the decline of a long life of almost unexampled perils and sufferings, a veteran soldier, instead of obtaining that rank, and those advantages in the army, which would

enable him to enjoy with his numerous family a decent competence, finds himself compelled to seek a maintenance by trade. Mr. Bradford has announced his intention of employing himself as a coal-dealer, and it is to be hoped he will meet with that protection from the public which he has in vain sought in the army.

Mr. Bradford, it seems, had not risen beyond the rank of a Serjeant when he obtained his discharge! If this be really the case, and which has not been disputed, we may add that such a *Serjeant* as Mr. Bradford, is not to be found in the whole empire of France, nor yet probably among the eight hundred thousand men in arms under the command of the Emperor Napoleon!!!

# THEATRICAL RECORDER.

## LITTLE THEATRE, HAYMARKET.

FRIDAY, June 30.—*Killing no Murder.*—This evening after the *Honey Moon*, which *shone* with its wonted lustre, by the respectable manner it was performed, the suspended (not *stifled*) operatical farce of Mr. Hook, so looked for, was brought out at this house.—This composer, who is as capable of enlivening a private society as a public theatre, has fully succeeded in this attempt; for though some few phrases in it partake of what the French signify by *grossieretes*, yet on the whole it pleased, and will continue to please.

The author owes much to the acting and zeal of Matthews and Liston; the former of whom, from his *Proteus*-like talent, personated the list of servants, from the *boot-catcher* to *Monsieur le Friseur*, holding the bill of fare in one hand, and the powder-puff in the other, in order to enhance the credit of his host in the opinion of the *Nabob*, his guest, who is nothing, if not well attended.

While Matthews was acting in this double capacity, the house was full of powder and plaudits. But his song of *Bartholomew Fair*, which was eagerly *encored*, exhibited a stronger proof than any of his admirable quality in this style of acting, nothing having equalled it since Edwin's *Four-and-twenty-Fiddlers*.

The overture was no trifling presage of what might be expected in the music, a great part of which was as pretty as novel. The duet between the two actors above-mentioned, which burlesqued the rival powers of operatical singing and dancing, drew thunders of applause from the audience.

The name *Killing no Murder*, is derived from the circumstance of *Apollo Belvi* (Liston), being advised to represent himself as dead, that he might not be obliged to marry a woman with what he calls a *ready made family*, and this part, by the bye, is the most *outre* of any in the farce. Mrs. Mathews deserved commendation for the part she sustained, as did Mrs. Davenport, and in short every one of the performers.

The following is the scene which was suppressed by order of the Lord Chamberlain, beginning at the words, "so I cut the law," &c. after *Buskin's* speech, "I thought you were a lawyer." Act II. Scene I.

*Busk.* What!

*Ap.* Yes—I ordained myself and preached in a field, but I couldn't get a living by it—

*Busk.* You a preacher!

*Ap.* Yes, and a teacher—now—I'll tell you how it was. Over against my master's office—right opposite—lived an old dissenting gentleman, by trade a tailor, and by calling a minister—Dear man, he used to discourse delightfully to be sure—and he—he, Mr. Buskin—had a daughter—so to get favour in her eyes, I turned to and fell a preaching like any thing myself.

*Busk.* What a queer gig you must have looked in a pulpit—

*Ap.* A tub—as I hope to be saved, it was no better; but I minded not of little obstacles or persecutions: and the first day I mounted, I had need of patience, for some mischievous devil of a fellow tied a cracker to the tail of my coat, and if you had but seen how I jumped at every bounce of the gunpowder, you would have split your sinful sides with laughing. But I did it all for my dear Miss Hephzibah Buckram; I was called thereto by the spirit—

*Busk.* Rather by the flesh—eh? Well, pray give me your polemical progress—

*Ap.* So I preached and I preached—how I did preach! till at last I preached myself plump into the heart of my young saint. She was mild, amiable, and rich: her back was a little out of the right line; and, moreover, did she squint most damnably—but it was not the good things of outward vanity that I thirsted after.—Her—mind—her mind, Mr. Buskin—that was the thing; for, 'bating a fondness for the bottle, blow me if I don't think her as delicate as a duchess—so one day—it was of a Sunday—after a sweet discourse from Mr. Buckram's 'prentice-boy—I came to the point.

*Busk.* What—made her an offer?

*Ap.* I ventured to insinuate as much—I went into the parlour where she sat—la, I remember it as if it were but yesterday—she was sitting out by the window—so—I just—hummed and ha'd—looked a few unutterable things—she smiled—and so—we staid there—about half an hour, and at last I—came to the one soft question—do you love me—do you love me, dear Hephzibah said I?—I wish you had seen her two eyes—

*Busk.* Contented of course.

*Ap.* Like the most fashionablest miss among 'em—when I had axed her, you know—she didn't stir—nor say a word—but out comed a couple of tears—out of her sparklers—for all the world like two pins' heads—then, after that, she was all over red, and I waited a little longer, and she squeezed my hand; and, turning up her eye—(for when one looked up t'other looked down)—says she to me, says she—Apollo, my dear—Apollo, my dear, says she, you are not what the world would call handsome; but there is a certain something about you, that is inexpressibly delightful.

*Busk.* Oh I see the end—you married her.

*Ap.* No such thing—Courtships are not like farces, they don't end always with a wedding—her papa consented and the day was fixed.

*Busk.* It "was a consummation devoutly to be wished."

*Ap.* Yes—but the more you wish the more you may; it never comed at all—it was of a Tuesday afternoon, after I had been engaged in a discourse upon good works—that Mr. Buckram fixed the period of my happiness, and the Saturday was appointed.

*Busk.* Well, and what hindered?

*Ap.* Why, on the Friday night, if you'll believe it—my intended bride was brought to bed of as fine a boy as ever you clapped your two eyes a top of———

*Busk.* What, the Methodist Minister's virgin innocent?

*Ap.* Its as true as you stands there.

*Busk.* And who was the father?

*Ap.* Why that we never knew—and hang me if I think Miss Hephzibah could tell herself.

The fate of this piece, in narrowly escaping a prohibition in the first instance, very much resembles that of Moliere's *Tartuffe or the Hypocrite*. The Archbishop of Paris, supposed to have been a principal character in this play, had interest enough with the king to prohibit the performance, though at that very time the Italian comedians were every day uttering the most gross blasphemies. So at this present time, though the *Quaker* is frequently brought forward at the theatre, we are not to enjoy the full drawn character of a *Methodist*, because the Lord Chamberlain, or the reader of the plays under him may think the Calvinistic methodists as precious as the person of the Archbishop of Paris. The Prince of Conte being asked why Moliere's play should be forbidden, when it contained nothing offensive to genuine religion and morality, and only exposed *hypocrisy*, the Prince answered, with great spirit and judgement, "I am not at all surprised at this, for Harlequin (in the Italian comedies) only ridicules religion in general, whereas *Tartuffe has ventured to expose its first minister.*"

Monday, July 10.—A new play, entitled *The Foundling of the Forest*, was produced here this evening.

The piece is from the pen of Mr. Dimond, to whom the public are already so much indebted.—Its interest arises out of the perfidy of *Baron Longueville*, to whom the *Count de Valmont*, on his departure for the wars, had confided his castle, his countess, and his infant son. On his return, he finds his castle in flames, and can discover no trace of his wife and child. In despair, he retires to a neighbouring forest, where, after many scenes of forceful interest, and many dangers and difficulties, he discovers his *Countess* in the person of an interesting maniac, whose life was preserved by a humane *Cottager*, and whom this *eclaircissement* restores to reason. He also recognizes his son in the person of a youth, to whom, in his seclusion, he had formed a strong attachment; and the perfidy of *Baron*

*Longueville* is detected, and receives its just punishment.

The character of *Count de Valmont* is finely drawn; and the heart-rendings of a husband and father were given with great energy and force by Mr. Young. *Florian*, the son of the *Count de Valmont*, is a lively animated youth, full of love, glory, and fine feeling. He was personated with great truth and effect by Mr. Jones. Mrs. Glover was most interesting and pathetic in the *Countess de Valmont*, and displayed first-rate tragic powers. Mrs. Gibbs looked well, and was very pleasing in *Geraldine*. Mrs. Davenport, always excellent, never appeared to more advantage than in the interesting *Cottager*. A piece possessing more interest and striking situations we have not seen. The sentiments are pure, and the language is elegant and classical. The overture and music are by Mr. Kelly.—The latter consisted of three songs and two duets, by Mr. and Mrs. Liston. The first song, by Mrs. Liston, was rapturously *encored*. The piece was crowned with uniform applause, and announced for second representation amidst the loudest acclamations. The house was crowded in every part.

---

LYCEUM, STRAND.

This theatre was re-opened on Monday, June 26, with the opera of *Up all Night*, by a licence from the Lord Chamberlain, for the performance of English operas. It commenced with a piece in three acts, called *Up all Night, or the Smugglers' Cave*, from the pen of Mr. Arnold, the manager. The story relates the vagaries of a young gentleman who is destined to be the husband of a lady he never saw, but not chusing to take so mere a chance, introduces himself to her family in the disguise of a naval officer, and by his heyday vivacity obtains the good graces of the Admiral her father: a busy rival, however, intrigues against him, and persuades the old gentleman that his visitor intends to run away with the lady; a night frolic in the garden gives a colour to the story, and the admiral hires a set of smugglers to kidnap the supposed midshipman, who is accordingly carried off to their cave: his mistress follows him in the same disguise, and the restless anxiety of the family, when she is missed at night, gives the piece its first title. The lovers escape from their prison, and the lady returns to her father to keep up the jest a little longer by assuming the Irish brogue; she is taken for the unknown ravisher, and locked up in a room, when her lover himself appears, and upon his disclaiming all intentions of the kind, the stranger is called out into the room as the undoubted criminal, when instead of the Irish officer, the lady appears in her own clothes, every thing is made manifest, and the lovers are made happy.

The music, by Mr. M. P. King, is well suited to the words, not only in its expression, but in its good old age. It is not deficient in taste, and indifferent music will always be more tolerable than indifferent writing, because it appeals to the senses more than to the sense; but we have no hesitation in saying, that neither in the words nor the music of the new opera is there a single idea or turn of composition, that has any claim to originality. The great novelty of the performance was the appearance of two new singers, Messrs. Horn and Philipps, the latter from Dublin. Mr. Horn's voice and style are delicate and tasteful, though of small power; Mr. Philipps's, to both these qualities, joins greater power and more various expression; his execution of *Sigh not for love*, was terse and playful, and received considerable applause. Both the singers may consider themselves lucky in having made their appearance at a small theatre, though they both excel all the other London singers in gentility of acting: Mr. Horn seemed to want confidence, but Mr. Philipps dashed through his speeches to the ladies with a grace that seemed to astonish the hearers of Braham and Incledon: perhaps it would be better for both if they were to borrow somewhat from each other, Mr. Horn a little boldness, and Mr. Philipps a little subduement. The opera was altogether well sung, though neither Mrs. Mountain nor Mrs. Bishop seemed in their full powers.

Upon the whole, Mr. Arnold is a degree above Cherry, and Mr. King some degrees above Reeve; but much

better writers and composers are necessary to reform the public taste. The engagement of Mrs. Bishop, however, leads us to hope, that her husband will be employed to exercise his scientific pen on the occasion; and though the overthrow of the Italian opera is not to be achieved but by a change of the system of education in high life, yet much good may and ought to be done to the public taste, by the encouragement of rival theatres.

## STATE OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

*Cecidit spes ultima Romæ.*

A BUSY month has passed over our heads. Expectation has been on foot for great events, and, as far as the agitation of action can satisfy, it has been completely gratified. But the issue of all this turbulence has confounded the petty politics, by which too many judge of the events of this great world. The experience they have had of the skill and talents, the activity and energy, the power and resources of the great Emperor of the French, was of little avail in estimating his success; and a check to his arms was, in their opinion, the signal of complete defeat. In this the majority of the public papers concurred: they argued according to their wishes, and, as usual, endeavoured to the utmost of their power to lead astray the public mind. It is difficult to contemplate late events in the true point of view, much more so to represent them properly. As Englishmen, we deplore the inordinate power which France has acquired: as spectators of the wonderful scenes around us, we view the fall of monarchies and imperial and royal families as the necessary consequences of the system by which they were regulated. The stability of power, in the hands of any one family, is not to be desired, unless its history proves that its government tended to the improvement of the people committed to its charge.—How far this can be said of the house of Hapsbourg, the historian must determine. The path of the planets is full of intricacies to the spectator on the earth: to him who views them from the sun, they pursue a direct course pointed out by the almighty framer of the universe. Happy is he who can thus view human affairs; whilst they, who are blinded by passion, or are involved in the vortex of corruption, are filled with horror and dismay at the crash of thrones and the annihilation of empires.

A solemn pause intervened after the battles of the Danube on the 21st and 22d of May. An account of them was drawn up under the auspices of the Archduke, and circulated in every corner of Europe*. It announced the defeat of Napoleon, and asserted the charm of his invincibility to be dissolved. He was no longer the spoiled child of fortune: posterity would characterise him as the sport of the fickle goddess. A conflict of two days was decisive of the glory of the Austrian arms, for the preservation of the monarchy, and for the correction of public opinion. The presence of the hitherto unconquered emperor was no longer capable of snatching from the heroes of Austria their justly-acquired laurels. Such was the language inspired by the check given to the arms of France by the battles of Aspern. All Europe was filled with expectation of the results of these days, and a speedy conquest of the French was presaged. How was Napoleon to recruit his armies?—How was he to repass the ground shortly to be filled with the insurgents from the Tyrol and the north of Germany?—From every quarter forces would pour down upon him, and France would be reduced to its original limits.

This was the language, these the hopes, maintained in Bohemia and England. But cooler politicians remarked, that the famed battles of Aspern, if calculated to raise the spirits of the Austrians, were far from affording ground for such exalted triumph.

* See 'Historical Chronicle,' under which head this document is given.

It was certainly a great thing for the Austrians to say, that they had for once successfully resisted Napoleon; that he was baffled in his enterprise, and compelled to retrace his steps.—But the Austrians made no prisoners. They could not cut off the retreat of the French, who repassed the Danube; and, if their force was diminished, still their antagonists had by their own confession suffered a prodigious loss both in killed and wounded. Bonaparte retired to the other side of the Danube, and the Austrians did not follow him. Day after day passed, and we heard nothing of the Archduke's enterprises. He seems to have been engaged solely in recruiting his army, and fortifying the positions near Aspern, on which the grand battles were fought. They were, according to his account, bloodier than any recorded in history: the same spot was destined to drink still deeper of human gore, and two more days of battle restored the laurels to the brows of the French.

Napoleon, compelled to quit the northern bank of the Danube, imputed his disaster to the rising of that river, which prevented the proper aid of his troops in the great battles. The fact seems to have been, that the Archduke had destroyed them in great measure by fire-vessels, and to have taken the advantage of attacking the French, when a part only of their troops could be brought into action. Their Emperor on the southern bank meditated revenge. The repulse he had suffered set him more on his guard, and his preparations were on a grander scale. He did not suffer his passions to carry him away, as was the current report through Europe, but laid his plans with the utmost caution and circumspection. The Archduke did not follow up his success: he remained in his position on the northern bank, fortifying his camp, and calling in troops from all quarters. Not neglectful, however, of the advantage he had gained, he sent an army into Saxony, which took possession of the capital, and advanced as far as Leipsick.—The King of Saxony made a precipitate retreat to Frankfort, and his dominions were for a short time completely at the mercy of the enemy.

Now was assuredly the time for the insurgents of Germany to renew their efforts: but the ill success of Schill seems to have dispirited them, and the victory of the Danube had not the effect it was expected to inspire.—The Duke of Brunswick's manifesto brought few to his standard: for, in fact, what German of the lower or middle classes could have any desire or ambition to fight under the banners of that family, or any wish for the restoration of power to a set of petty princes. The king of Westphalia made his appearance upon the stage. He collected the troops in his own dominions, and those of the French in the north of Germany, with which he marched into Saxony, retook the capital, and compelled the Austrians to evacuate the territory of his fugitive ally. We are not to ascribe much to this exploit, though it is a feather in the cap of the Westphalian: and the house of Saxony must feel no small degree of mortification that it owes its restoration to the upstart prince, and that a long train of ancestry could not secure, in the hour of danger, the proper exercise of the powers of sovereignty.

The King of Saxony, it is to be recollected, was one of the first to raise the war-whoop against France on account of the revolution in its government. It was at his palace at Pillnitz, that, on the 27th of August, 1791, the then Emperor of Germany and King of Prussia signed their famous treaty, in which they declared the situation of the King of France at that time to be important to all the sovereigns of Europe; and their resolution to use the most efficacious means to place him in such a state, as to establish completely his monarchical government, a government equally adapted to the rights of sovereigns and the happiness of the French nation. The state of the kingdom of Prussia is greatly changed since that fatal declaration, and the empire of Germany is annihilated: but the Elector of Saxony exchanged his title for that of King, and obtained a great accession of territory in Poland. A whining declaration has proceeded from his pen at Frankfort, addressed to his subjects: but he has not as yet returned to his capital. It may be necessary

for him to remain at Frankfort, till the Westphalian has restored order and tranquillity to his dominions, and has provided proper measures for their security against a future irruption of the Austrians. It may be also, that he is at present marching forwards into Bohemia, and the unfortunate Archduke will be placed between two fires. In the mean time, the king of Saxony must make up his mind to receive his dominions again, on whatever terms the French emperor chooses to lay down; and the Westphalian will receive, as no doubt he is entitled to, a due compensation for his trouble.

The retreat of the Austrians from Saxony was not so much owing, probably, to the terror inspired by the arms of Westphalia, as the necessity there was for their co-operation with the Archduke on the borders of the Danube. But to whatever cause it was owing, the hopes of insurrection in the north of Germany, were completely defeated, nor should they be expected to revive, unless success should crown the arms of the Archduke. All depended upon that conflict; and the French were sufficiently strong to keep in order the petty insurgents like Schill and the Duke of Brunswick, which, in times of such confusion, would naturally infest various districts.

But, if the north of Germany was quieted, the south was far from being so tranquil. The Alps, which separates Bavaria from Italy, are inhabited by a sturdy race of mountaineers, and revolt among them was organized on a very extensive scale. Though the Austrians had left them, they kept up a considerable predatory war, and their troops spread terror to the walls of Munich and the shores of the Lake of Constance. Their success against the French may be estimated by the indignation expressed against the general by the emperor, who threatened him with military execution, as a murderer and not a general, if ever the fortune of war placed him in the hands of the French. The grounds for this threat were the charge of having murdered, in cold blood, a vast number of French prisoners. The Emperor of Austria threatened to retaliate, and thus a new scene was opening to the distraction of Europe, the display of murder by two great sovereigns, and the carrying on of war in the most sanguinary manner. The threats of either party have not been yet put into execution; and if the general, who was the first pretext for them, should unfortunately be taken and suffer, so many prisoners of high distinction are in the hands of the French, that it is little likely the example should be followed by the Austrians.

The unsettled state of the Tyrolese in the rear of the French army, would have been of great consequence if any disaster befell the latter; but there was not sufficient strength in that quarter to affect the positions on the Danube. The Austrians had been obliged to quit that country about the time the great battles were fought on the Danube, and the Italian army of Bonaparte was pursuing them at the moment that he was taking up his position on the southern side of the river. He could not contain his joy on the arrival of this army; it was announced in a bulletin, and this reinforcement more than counterbalanced the losses he had sustained at Aspern. The Austrians fled towards Raab, and were closely pursued by the French. A considerable battle took place at Raab, where the former were defeated, and in a few days Raab surrendered. What escaped of the Austrians passed over the Danube at Presburgh, and joined the Archduke at Aspern.

In this situation then, for a long time, were the hostile armies separated from each other by the mighty Danube. On the northern bank was the Archduke Charles encamping himself, in the strongest manner, between Aspern and Essling, and calling in all his scattered troops from Saxony, from Moravia, from Hungary, and whatever could come to him under the name of the Landwehr, or armed militia, from these quarters, and the countries to the east of Austria. Here he seemed to be expecting rather the motions of Bonaparte, than resolving upon any active efforts. He presumed, probably, on the impossibility of Bonaparte retaining, in quiet, his position near Vienna, and therefore determined to avail himself of any change the emperor might make in

the disposition of his force. The prudence of this measure may justly be doubted, if the advantages gained at the battle of Aspern had been so great as at first represented by the Archduke; for it is evident, that the least time given to recover the blow, was in favour of the French, whose system of persevering attack could be counterbalanced only by a similar degree of perseverance.

Of the French emperor, during this long interval, we heard only that he was disciplining and reviewing his troops, fortifying the island of Lobau, and making the formidable preparations for a new attack. The south of the Danube, from the Inn to Raab, was completely under his controul; and besides the Italian army reinforcements were marching to him from all quarters. That he could not remain long in inactivity was certain. The only doubt was, where he would cross the Danube, whether at a distance above or below Vienna, and thus render futile all the entrenchments of the rival commander. It is now evident, that had he taken either scheme, surmised by many politicians, he must have given an advantage to the Archduke; for the moment the emperor had quitted the capital either way to cross the Danube at a distance from it, the Archduke would have immediately crossed the river, retaken the capital, and left the French to a fruitless march in Bohemia. All the preparations, therefore, of the emperor indicated an attack on the Austrian camp, but the mode of this attack was left to conjecture, and the Archduke was deceived.

On the 1st of July the French Emperor took up his head-quarters at the island of Lobau, and inspected himself such operations as are scarcely to be paralleled in the history of ancient or modern warfare. The great point was to land the army on the other side without the inconveniences to which he had been exposed on the former attack. A watchful enemy on the other side might, it would be said, baffle every enterprize of this nature; and the ease, with which the whole was ultimately conducted, though it raises greatly the fame of the French emperor, does certainly cast a shade on the vigilance of the Archduke. Near to the island of Lobau is a small island, on which the emperor caused a vast battery to be erected, to play upon Essling, as if the brunt of the attack would be on that quarter. Against this battery, therefore, the attention of the Archduke was directed: and on the 4th, in the evening, a full fire played upon Essling, and upon the town of Enzersdorf, to the east of the Archduke's camp, by which the latter was completely burned down; and during these operations, in a violent storm with rain and thick darkness, the whole of the French army was landed, by extraordinary bridges and boats, on the plain of Enzersdorf, at a considerable distance from the Austrian camp. Here, in the morning at sun rise, the whole of the emperor's plans were developed. He had an ample field for the manœuvring of his troops, and the Austrians had no other alternative than to remain in the camp, which was not sufficiently defended on the land side, or manœuvre with him in the plain. The latter part they took, but were compelled to retreat, and at night the French were in complete possession of the Austrian entrenchments.

On the next day the great and important battle was given. The Austrians placed the great strength of their artillery on their right near the Danube, with the view to cut off the retreat of the French, and weakened their centre to give more force to the two wings. On the contrary, the French emperor made the great brunt of his battle bend towards the centre; and having, early in the morning, gained some advantages over the Austrian right wing, about ten he poured down with immense force, both of men and artillery, upon the centre, and drove it, it is said, immediately a league before them. The consequence was, that the right wing, which had been successful, was compelled to retreat, and long before night the French had passed the ground occupied in the morning by the Austrians. The battle was extremely bloody. To what extent cannot be known till the Austrian accounts are received. The Archduke retreated into Bohemia. The Emperor of Austria, who was a witness to

the disasters of his troops from a tower in the neighbourhood, fled with precipitation into Moravia.

Thus has Bonaparte answered the proud language of the Austrians; and whatever our fears or our aversion may suggest, we cannot deny to him the praises of a most consummate General. All the resources of the Archduke are now cut off, except what he can obtain from Bohemia; and in this little kingdom he must expect to meet with the Westphalians pouring in from Saxony on the north, the French troops from Nuremberg on the west, and a close pursuit of the great French army under Napoleon himself on the south-east. That he can maintain his ground long seems to be impossible; and it is not improbable, that, before what we are now writing meets the public eye, the news will have arrived of the complete surrender of his army. To what place the Austrian emperor will wander time will discover. The way to Hungary is open to him; but no insurrection can he there raise time enough to assist his brother. He must again solicit the clemency of the conqueror, and if he continues to wear a crown, it must depend on the bounty of the French.

The affairs of Spain must take their colour finally from those in Austria. At present their aspect is unfavourable to the French. The English army, under Sir Arthur Wellesley, has marched into this country, and he is expected to be joined by a formidable force of the Spaniards. They are marching, it is said, towards Madrid, and it is not unlikely that they may take possession of the capital, and compel the French to retreat to their former position, to the north of the Ebro. But our accounts from Spain are little to be depended upon. The Gallo-Spanish king has not as yet evinced a desire to retreat, but, on the contrary, has issued an artful proclamation, which may tend to increase his interest in the country. The money borrowed in the old government went under the name of the Royal Vales, and this debt might be considered almost as lost by the proprietors of the stock. A vast quantity of church and king's lands has fallen into the hands of the French by the conquest, and a portion of them are to be sold; and the Vales to be taken in part of payment. Thus every purchaser will gain possession of land for nothing, it may be said, and thus become attached to the new order of things. The Gallo-Spanish king will have in his possession a quantity of the Vales, and will have the credit of paying a debt which the old government never would have discharged; and if he should be compelled to retire, a considerable degree of animosity will be excited between the old and the new proprietors. It was thus in France, that the alienation of property became subservient to the purposes of the revolution. The body of landholders, interested in its success, is now immense; and the quantity of church lands in Spain being so much greater, will give a greater power to the French interest. It is not impossible also, that this measure will compel the Junta to hold out the same *bonus* to the holders of the Vales, and thus on both sides, the property of the church will be the scape-goat.

In Italy our troops have been on the alert. They have quitted, in part, Sicily, and taken an island in the bay of Naples. Nothing important has, however, been effected, and the Neapolitan king holds our efforts in very great contempt. To him is confided a new care. The dominions of the Pope are under his superintendance; for the time has, at last, arrived, when the temporal dominion of this spiritual impostor ceases to exist. The successor of Charlemagne has taken away what his predecessor so unwisely bestowed; and the power, which was at once so formidable in Europe, is reduced now almost to an empty name. The decree of Bonaparte, reducing the papacy within due bounds, and making this pretended spiritual entirely dependant on temporal authority, is full of wisdom and good sense. Yet still the Pope has more than sufficient for any ecclesiastic. His income is equal to eighty thousand pounds a year. This may be very well for the old man, now on that throne of iniquity; but it is probable, and it is to be hoped, that the income will be diminished if ever a successor should be appointed. Perhaps this may be the last man who bears the

odious name of Pope; and the nations of Europe will be too wise to let a foreigner have any influence in their ecclesiastical concerns. Christianity has nothing to do with such a title, or such an office; and posterity will be thankful to Napoleon for the benefit he has conferred on mankind, by reducing the power of this prelate. This was an event to which our protestant forefathers looked forward with the most sanguine exultation: but their degenerate sons, half papists in their hearts, are such enemies to innovation, that they view with sorrow any amelioration in the affairs of mankind. To us the destruction of tyranny and superstition will always be pleasing: and in spite of protestant alarms, we rejoice in these eventful times, that the dynasty of Napoleon has effectually curbed the usurpations of popery, and procured the downfall of the inquisition. This is a presage of great future improvements, though the protestants will probably be the last to lay aside their intolerance.

The revolution in Sweden seems to be completely settled; and the new king is seated on the throne with universal satisfaction. We regret exceedingly, that a good account of the proceedings of the diet and of the new constitution has not reached England. In some respects the Swedish diet is superior to our parliament: for the interests of the lower classes are secured by a house of their own; and, it is said, that the debates in that house would not suffer on a comparison with those in our House of Commons. Assuredly it is not easy for men to legislate, when their own wishes and interests are to be consulted; and our game laws would undergo a considerable change, if they were to be examined in a house representing the farmers of this kingdom. As to the king, he seems to be very humanely taken care of, and to enjoy as much happiness as the peculiarities of his situation will admit. A deposed king must always be an object of some suspicion: but there is so little attractive in the character of this unfortunate sovereign, that he is not likely to have any partisans. The active employment that Russia is likely to have in another quarter may permit Sweden to recover from the injuries inflicted on it, more by its late king than by its enemies.

The troops of Russia have marched against Austria, but did not arrive in time to assist in the grand conflict. The success of Bonaparte will accelerate their march, and the troops of Austria that may be in Poland must give way. As the opportunity is open for Russia to attack the Turks with vigour, and Constantine is said to be in motion, the time may be come for him to take his destined empire: and happily will it be for us, if the councils of Bonaparte should bend the same way, and his next effort should be the destruction of the Ottoman empire.

India has afforded room for much comment; and the setting aside of a commander-in-chief in that quarter has been very properly effected by the civil power. This has given rise to the promulgation of some strange doctrines at home on the nature of military discipline; but we know of no discipline that can be an excuse for the violation of a civil right. The military officer must take his alternative, either to obey his superior and disobey the civil power, or disobey his superior and obey the civil power, when the two powers clash: but in such a case we hold the civil power to be paramount, and the excuse of obedience to a superior officer can be of no avail in the eyes of the civil magistrate.

Many things at home have excited attention, such as the cause in which Mr. Wardle has been concerned; and which is made by the corrupt party a kind of set-off against the proceedings in the House of Commons, which raised that gentleman so very deservedly to a high degree of public esteem. His efforts in that cause cannot be obliterated in our minds by private concerns. To the public man we look, and to the public cause; but we are not surprised that his enemies and the enemies of the public should gladly laid hold of any opportunity to endeavour to bring him to the same level with themselves.—The proceedings in the East India Company, respecting the young men, whose places were fraudulently obtained, would give ample scope for animadversion. We can admire the humane steps taken

by many members of the court of proprietors on this occasion: and if the court of directors think it necessary to take the rigorous course, they are pledging themselves to a rule of action, which it will be incumbent in them to pursue in a manner that will be very beneficial to the public. But patronage is a great trial: and the history of all ages shews with what difficulty the private views of an individual are to be sacrificed to those objects for which he is invested with power.—The name of the Princess of Wales has been brought forward on an occasion which has given room for the exercise of great forbearance and generosity on the part of her husband, who has interfered to satisfy her creditors for an immense debt that she appears to have incurred. We trust that such conduct will produce its due effect and that economy, which is as necessary in the highest as in the lowest stations. We might indeed say more necessary, as it becomes those of high birth and high rank to set an example to their inferiors; and to live beyond one's income, whatever that income is, is in all stations very reprehensible.

But all these topics have merged in the consideration of the grand expedition. The preparations in our seaports have been immense. An army of nearly fifty thousand men, with all appointments for sieges or a campaign, is upon the seas. To what quarter it is directed, rumour only suggests, and this fixes the Scheldt for the first place of operations. At the mouth of it is the considerable island of Walcheren, of which it is said we are to take possession, and then to destroy or seize the ships of the line that have been built at Antwerp and other places on the river. This scheme is certainly feasible; but the length of time that has elapsed in collecting and embarking the troops, may have enabled the enemy to give us a warm reception. However successful it may be, we cannot but observe, that it has no tendency to assist the Austrians, or to prevent the French emperor from being the great arbiter of Europe. Great as our armament is, it is too small to advance far on the continent: and whilst we are taking an island, Bonaparte is settling the destinies of an empire.

## BOOKS PUBLISHED JULY, 1809.

☞ *As this Department will be of great Importance to* AUTHORS *and* BOOKSELLERS, *as well as to Literature in general, it is requested that* NOTICES *of Works may be forwarded as early as possible (free of Postage), which will be regularly inserted.*

### AGRICULTURE.

A PRACTICAL Treatise on the Merino and Anglo-Merino Breeds of Sheep. By an experienced Breeder. 8vo. 7s.

A Letter to Sir J. Sinclair, containing a Statement of the System under which a considerable Farm is profitably managed in Hertfordshire. By J. Greg, Esq. 3s.

Facts and Experiments on the Use of Sugar in feeding Cattle, with Hints for the Cultivation of Waste Lands. 5s.

### ARCHITECTURE.

Principles of Design in Architecture traced in Observations on Buildings. In a Series of Letters to a Friend. 8vo. 7s.

Remarks on Theatres, and on the Propriety of vaulting them with Brick and Stone. By W. Ware. 8vo. 7s.

### ARTS, FINE.

Lectures on Painting, delivered at the Royal Academy of Arts. By the late J. Opie, Esq. 4to. 1l. 1s.

### BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Wardle, including Thoughts on the State of the Nation. By W. H. Reid. 12mo. 6s.

Memoires et Lettres de Marechal Prince de Ligne, faisant Suite aux Lettres et Pensees, du meme auteur. Publiées par Madame La Baronne de Stael Holstein. 2 vols. 10s.

### DRAMA.

The Foundling of the Forest. In Three Acts. By W. Dimond, Esq. 2s. 6d.

Venoni, or the Novice of St. Marks. In Three Acts. By M. G. Lewis. 3s.

Killing no Murder. A Farce, in Two Acts. By T. E. Hooke, Esq. 2s.

EDUCATION.

Essays on professional Education. By R. L. Edgeworth, Esq. F.R.S. &c. 4to. 1l. 5s.

The Pronouncing Expositor, or a new Spelling Book. In Three Parts. By J. Hornsey. 12mo. 2s.

Youth's Pocket Remembrancer, being a Selection of the most important Subjects of polite Literature. By J. Sabine. 12mo. 2s.

The School Dictionary of the English Language. By W. F. Mylius. 2s.

HISTORY.

A Narrative of the Campaign of the British Army in Spain, commanded by Sir J. Moore, K.B. authenticated by official Papers and original Letters. By J. Moore, Esq. 4to. 1l. 11s. 6d.

Letters from Portugal and Spain, comprising an Account of the Operations of the Armies under Sir A. Wellesley and Sir J. Moore. By A. Neale, M.D. 4to. 2l. 2s.

An Account of the Operations of the British Army, and of the State and Sentiments of the People of Portugal and Spain, during the Campaigns of the Years 1808 and 1809. By W. Ormsby, A.M. 2 vols. 12s.

An Account of the Battle fought near Aspern, on the Marchfield, May 21 and 22, 1809, between the Archduke Charles and the Emperor Napoleon. 1s. 6d.

History of Rome, from the Building of the City to the Ruin of the Republic. Illustrated with Maps. By E. Baldwin, Esq. 12mo. 4s.

LAW.

The Trial of Colonel Wardle in the Affair of Wright, with the Speech of the Attorney-General, and Evidence of Mrs. Clarke. 2s.

The Solicitor's Assistant in the Court of Chancery. By W. Hands, Gent. 8vo. 9s.

A Treatise of Pleading on the Equity Side of the High Court of Chancery. By G. Cooper, Esq. 8vo. 13s.

MEDICINE AND SURGERY.

A Treatise explaining the Impossibility of the Disease called Hydrophobia being caused by the Bite of any rabid Animal. By W. Maryan. 2s. 6d.

MILITARY.

Instructions for training and exercising the Local Militia. 2s.

MISCELLANIES.

Letters from Canada, written, during a Residence there, in the Years 1806, 7, and 8, shewing the present State of Canada. By H. Gray. 12s.

A Letter to the Rev. R. Walpole, in Answer to his Criticisms on the State of Sicily. By G. F. Leckie, Esq. 1s.

Death of Bonaparte and Universal Peace, a new Explanation of Nebuchadnezzar's great Image, and Daniel's Four Beasts. By L. Mayer. 8vo. 5s.

Letters from an elder to a younger Brother, on the Conduct to be pursued in Life. 3s. 6d.

Outlines of a political Survey of the English Attack on Denmark in the Year 1807. Translated from the Danish of C. F. Hellfried. 8vo. 6s.

The Works of the Right Rev. Father in God, Ezekiel Hopkins, D.D. now first collected, arranged, and revised, with a Life of the Author By Josiah Pratt. 4 vols. 8vo. 2l.

A few Remarks explanatory of the Motives which guided the Operations of the British Army during the late short Campaign in Spain. By Brigadier-General H. Clinton. 1s.

Observations on the above. By a British Officer. 2s.

A Reply to the Pamphlets lately published in Defence of the London Female Penitentiary. By W. Hale. 2s. 6d.

The Panorama of Wit, exhibiting at one View the choicest Epigrams in the English Language. 4s.

Method of Founding Stereotype, as practised by C. Brightly, of Bungay, with a Metal Plate. 5s.

The Works of Mr. A. Cowley, in Prose and Verse, pointing out the Pieces selected by Bishop Hurd, D.D. including his Lordship's Notes and Johnson's Life of the Author. 3 vols. 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.

The Shooter's Guide; containing the natural History of Dogs, the various Fowling Pieces considered, and the best pointed out, with Directions for charging the same. By B. Thomas. 5s. 6d.

Accipe sivis. A Letter addressed to the Bishop of Peterborough, in Answer to the Opinion of Sir W.

Scott, Knt. By J. W. Wickes, M.A. 2s.

A Letter to the Rev. G. S. Faber. By N. Nisbett, M. A. 1s. 6d.

Essays on various Subjects. By G. Walker, F. R. S. 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 1s.

Address to his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the County of Gloucester, on the Administration and practical Effects of the System of Prison Regulations established in that County. By Sir G. O. Paul. 8vo. 5s.

Important Studies for the Female Sex, in reference to modern Manners. Addressed to a Young Lady of Distinction. By Mrs. Cockle. 12mo. 7s.

Experiments made in the River Thames, with a View to discover a Method for ascertaining the Direction of Currents; also a new Method proposed for measuring a Ship's Rate of Sailing. By J. Burney, Esq. 1s. 6d.

Gas Light and Coke Company.—The Speech delivered before a very numerous and respectable Meeting of the Proprietors of the above Concern, held at the City of London Tavern, July 6. By J. Van Voorst. 6d.

An expostulatory Letter to the Editors of the Edinburgh Review. 2s. 6d.

Presbyterian Letters, addressed to Bishop Skinner, of Aberdeen, on his Vindication of primitive Truth and Order. By P. Mitchell, D.D. 8vo. 9s.

The Theatrical Banquet, or the Actor's Budget. By W. Oxberry. 2 vols. 18mo. 12s.

Lindley Murray examined, or an Address to Classical, French, and English Teachers. By a Member of the University of Oxford. 2s.

Zeal without Bigotry, or an Antidote to the Aspersions of the Author of Zeal without Innovation. 2s. 6d.

A Letter to the English Israelite, in Answer to his Observations on the Mission of C. F. Frey for the Conversion of the Jews. 1s. 6d.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Interesting Selections from animated Nature, with illustrative Scenery. By W. Daniel, A.R.A. 4l. 14s. 6d. or Proof Plates on India Paper, 9l. 9s.

NOVELS.

The Lords of Erith. By G. Manners. 3 vols. 15s.

Cœlebs Suited, or the Opinions and Part of the Life of Caleb Cœlebs, Esq. By Sir G. Rover, Bart. 6s.

Manfrone, or the One Handed Monk. By M. A. Radcliffe. 4 vols. 1l. 2s.

Les Querelles de Famille. Par Augusta Lafontaine. 3 vols. 12s.

Clara de Montfier: a moral Tale, with original Poems. By E. A. Le Noir. 3 vols. 1l.

Young Rosinere, or Sketches of the World. By Mrs. Peck. 3 vols. 15s.

The Fallen Minister, and other Tales. By W. B. Hewetson. 2 vols. 10s.

Guiscard, or the Mysterious Accusation. By H. Vere. 2 vols. 10s.

POETRY.

Poems; consisting of Translations from the Greek, Latin, and Italian, with some Originals. By Mrs. Ware. 12mo. 7s.

Poetry for Children, entirely Original. By the Author of Leicester's School. 2 vols. 3s.

The Columbiad: a Poem. By J. Barlow. 8vo. 15s.

The Butterfly's Birth-Day. 1s. plain, or 1s. 6d. coloured.

The Flowers, or the Sylphid Queen. A fairy Tale. By Miss A. Lefanu. 12mo. 5s.

The Commerce of Albion with the principal Nations in Europe. 1s.

Life's Vicissitudes, or Winter's Tears. Original Poems. By Mrs. Savory. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Poems. By Sir John Carr. Embellished with a Portrait of the Author. 8vo. 10s. 6d. 4to. 1l. 1s.

POLITICAL.

A corrected Report of the Debate on the Carnatic Question, on the 17th of May, and continued on June 1 and 17, 1808.

A Letter to his Royal Highness the Duke of York on recent Events. By T. Hague. 2s. 6d.

The Plan of Reform, proposed by Sir F. Burdett, correctly reported. In Two Speeches. 1s.

A Letter to Colonel Wardle, in which his public Conduct is examined, and illustrated by some important Particulars now first disclosed. 2s.

A Warning to the People of England on the Subject of Reform. 1s.

The Rival Impostors, or Two Poli-

tical Epistles to Two Political Cheats, G. L. Wardle, Esq. and W. Cobbett. 2s. 6d.

Observations on the political Tendency of the late public Meetings for returning thanks to G. L. Wardle, Esq. By a South Briton. 2s. 6d.

A second Letter on the Claims of Colonel Wardle to the Thanks of the Country. By a Citizen. 1s.

A few plain Observations upon the End and Means of political Reform. In a Letter to a Member of Parliament. 2s. 6d.

A little Justice to Colonel Wardle, and a Reconciliation of the Paradox that Wright *is* Wrong.

RELIGION.

Four Sermons, preached in London at the Fifteenth General Meeting of the Missionary Society, May 10, 11, 12, 1809. 3s.

Jude's Question discussed: a Sermon, preached at the Rev. James Dore's Meeting House, May 21. By W. Kingsbury, M.A. 1s.

Sacred Hours; chiefly designed to illustrate the Offices and Doctrines of the Church of England. By J. Grant, M.A. 7s.

Extracts from the religious Works of Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambray. Traslated from the French. By Miss Marshall. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Jesus Christ as Man—an imitable Pattern of religious Virtue. 6d.

A Discourse on Cruelty to the Brute Creation. By the Rev. J. Beresford, M.A. 1s.

The Death of the Widow's only Son: a Sermon, occasioned by the Decease of E. C. Ives, Esq. of Tichfield, Hants. By J. Hunt. 1s.

A Sermon on the prevailing Corruptions of the Age, preached in the Parish Church of Fulham. By the Rev. W. Porchett. 1s.

The Church of England Doctrine of the Lord's Supper, being an Abstract of the Grounds on which the Church of England separated from the Church of Rome. By Shute, Bishop of Durham. 6d.

A Discourse on the real Principles of the Revolution, the Bill of Rights, &c. being the Substance of Three Lectures delivered in Trinity Term, 1809. By the Gresham Lecturer of Civil Law. 2s. 6d.

The Pulpit, or a biographical and literary Account of eminent popular Preachers for 1809. By Onesimus. 8vo. 9s.

The Mystery of the Seven Stars, as emblematical of the Ministers of the Gospel, explained and improved. A Sermon, preached at the Baptist Meeting House, Little Prescot-street, Goodman's Fields, April 20. By the Rev. T. Thomas. 1s.

Scripture Dialogues, or Dialogues between a Pilgrim and Adam, Noah and Simeon Cleophas. Translated from the Dutch. 8vo. 8s.

National Reform: a Sermon, preached on Occasion of the late national Fast. By the Rev. E. Williams, D.D. 1s.

The Life of Mr. J. Bunyan, with a Portrait and Fac Simile of his Hand Writing. By the Rev. J. Ivimey. 4s. 6d.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

A Dane's Excursions in Britain. By Mr. Anderson. 2 vols. 12s.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To "J. G." we would observe, that in a lengthened composition there should be much of the *Limæ Labor* employed. His *Ode* is not without some good stanzas, but, as a whole, it requires more polish. Before we insert it, this polish must be given, and we could also wish to have it complete in MS.

The communication of a "Constant Reader" has been received.

The letter on the presumptive plagiarism of *Caleb* does not seem to require insertion.

To "Tim Brief," who complains that no notice has been taken, in our first volume, of a certain Review, we observe, that the Review alluded to was not then in being: but if our friend *Tim* will look at p. 129 of the Univ Mag for August 1808, he will find what he wants. We thank him for his enclosures.

The "Review of Secrets made public" we decline, upon the principle of never admitting any criticisms upon books without a knowledge of the writer.

# HISTORICAL CHRONICLE.

SUPPLEMENT *to the* LONDON GAZETTE, *Tuesday, July* 11.

*An Account of the Battles fought near Aspern, on the Marchfield, on the 21st and 22d of May*, 1809, *between the Archduke* CHARLES *of Austria, Generalissimo of the Imperial Austrian Armies, and the Emperor* NAPOLEON, *Commander in Chief of the French and allied Armies.*

THE Emperor Napoleon having, after some sanguinary engagements near Abensberg, Hausen, and Dinzlingen, in which the fortune of war favoured the Austrians, so as to force the French garrison at Ratisbon to surrender, succeeded in cutting off the left wing of the Austrian army, and driving it back to Landshut, and afterwards in advancing by Eckmuhl with a superior corps of cavalry, taking the road of Eglofsheim, and forcing to retreat those Austrian corps that were posted on the heights of Leikepoint and Talmessing, the Archduke on the 23d of April crossed the Danube, near Ratisbon, and joined the corps of Bellegarde, who had opened the campaign by several successful affairs in the Upper Palatinate, had reached Amberg, Neumarkt, and Hemau, and had by this time approached Stadt-am-Hof, in order to execute his immediate junction with the Archduke.

The Emperor Napoleon ordered the bombardment of Ratisbon, occupied by a few battalions who were to cover the passage of the Danube. On the 23d, in the evening, he became master of it, and immediately hastened along the right bank of the Danube to enter the Austrian States, in order, as he openly declared, to dictate peace at Vienna.

The Austrian army had taken a position near Cham, behind the river Regen, which was watched by some of the enemy's divisions, while the Emperor Napoleon called all the disposeable troops, in forced marches, from the north of Germany to the Danube, and considerably reinforced his army with the troops of Wurtemberg, Hessia, Baden, and some time after with those of Saxony.

Near Kirn and Nittenau some affairs had happened between the outposts, which, however, had no influence upon the armies.

However easy it would have been for the Archduke to continue his offensive operations on the left bank of the Danube without any material resistance, and however gratifying it might have been to relieve provinces which were groaning beneath the pressure of foreign dominion, the preservation of his native land did permit him to suffer the enemy to riot with impunity in the entrails of the monarchy, to give up the rich sources of its independence, and expose the welfare of the subject to the devastations of foreign conquerors.

These motives induced the Archduke to conduct his army into Bohemia, by way of Klentsch and Neumarkt, to occupy the Bohemian forest with light troops and part of the militia, and to direct his march towards Budweis, where he arrived on the 3d of May, hoping to join, near Lintz, his left wing, which had been separated from him, and which was under the command of Lieut.-General Baron Hiller.

But the latter had been so closely pressed by the united force of the French armies, that, after several spirited engagements, and even after a brilliant affair, in which he had the advantage, near Neumarkt, and in which the troops achieved all that was possible against the disproportionate superiority of the enemy, he indeed was able to reach Lintz, but was incapable of crossing the Danube, and obliged to content himself with destroying the communication with the left bank, and taking up a position behind the Traun, near Ebersberg.—This was the occasion of an extremely murderous engagement, during which the enemy, in storming the bridge, lost near 4000 men: Ebersberg was set on fire; and Lieut.-General Hiller continued his retreat, till he got so much the start as to pass the Danube near Stain, without being disturbed by the enemy, and to wait the approach of the Archduke, who, after having in vain attempted the junction of the army near Lintz, had marched from Budweis to Zwettel; still hoping, by a quick passage of the Danube,

to arrest the enemy's progress towards the metropolis.

Meanwhile a corps of Wurtembergers had advanced from Passau along both the shores of the Danube, had occupied Lintz, and the bank opposite to it; had restored the bridge, and signalised itself by destroying the defenceless villages and castles, which could not be protected by the small advanced guard proceeding by the side of the main army.

The enemy, by marching through the valley of the Danube in the straightest line, had got so much ahead, that all hopes of coming up with him in front of Vienna vanished: still, however, if that city had been able to hold out for five days, it might have been relieved; and the Archduke resolved on venturing the utmost to rescue that good city, which, by the excellent disposition of its citizens, the faithful attachment to its sovereign, and its noble devotion, has raised to itself an eternal monument in the annals of Austria. All his plans were now directed towards gaining the bridges across the Danube, near Vienna, and endeavouring to save the imperial residence, by a combat under its very walls.

Vienna, formerly an important fortress, was in vain besieged by the Turks, and would even now, from the solidity of its ramparts, the strong profiles of its works, and the extensive system of its mines, be capable of making a protracted resistance, had not, for upwards of a century back, the luxury of a large metropolis, the wants of ease, the conflux of all the magnates in the empire, and the pomp of a splendid court, totally effaced every consideration of military defence. Palaces adorn the ramparts, the casements and ditches were converted into workshops of tradesmen, plantations mark the counter-scarps of the fortress, and avenues of trees traverse the glacis, uniting the most beautiful suburbs in the world to the Corps de la Place.

Although, under such circumstances, no obstinate resistance of the capital was to be expected, yet, from the unexampled loyalty of the inhabitants, it was confidently hoped that Vienna might, for a few days, serve as a tete-de-pont, to cover the passage of the river; whence all preparations amounted to no more than to secure the place against a coup-de-main; and, for this reason, the Archduke had some time before directed Field-Marshal Hiller to send part of his corps along the right bank towards the capital, in the event of his (the Archduke's) passage to the left shore.

Field-Marshal Hiller now received orders to turn the bridge near Stain in his rear, to leave a small corps of observation near Krems, to hasten by forced marches with the bulk of his army to the environs of Vienna, and, as circumstances would permit, by occupying these small islands, to keep up the communication of the city and the debouché across the bridges.

The army of the Archduke now advanced, without interruption, by Neupolla, Horn, and Weikendorf, upon Stockerau; and, in order to overawe such enterprises as the enemy might project from the environs of Lintz, part of the corps of the General of artillery, Count Kollowrath, which, till then, had remained near Pilsen, with a view to secure the north and west frontier of Bohemia, was ordered to march to Budweis.

Napoleon had used so much expedition on his march to Vienna, that, on the 9th of May, his advanced troops appeared on the glacis of the fortress, whence they were driven by some cannon shot. From three to four thousand regular troops, as many armed citizens, and some battalions of country militia, defended the city; ordnance of various calibre were placed upon the ramparts; the suburbs were abandoned, on account of their great extent; and the numerous islands and low bushy ground behind the town were occupied by some light troops of the corps of Hiller, as well as by the militia.

The corps itself was posted on what is termed "the Point," on the left shore of the river, waiting the arrival of the army, which was advancing in haste.

The occupation of Vienna formed too essential a part in the extensive plans of the French Emperor; its conquest had been announced by him with too much confidence, and was of too great importance towards confirming the prejudice of his irresistible

power, for him not to employ every method of taking it before the assistance, which was so near, could arrive.

For the space of twenty-four hours the howitzers played upon the town; and though several houses were set on fire, the courage of the inhabitants remained unshaken. But a general devastation threatened their valuable property; and when, at length, the enemy, availing himself of the numerous craft which he found there, crossed the smaller branches of the Danube, dislodged the troops from the nearest islands, and menaced their communication with the left bank, the city was justified in capitulating, while the troops retreated by the great bridge of Tabor, which they afterwards set on fire.

The Archduke received this intelligence in his head quarters, between Heirn and Meissau; and though it was scarcely to be expected that the city, surrounded as it was, should continue its resistance, the Archduke proceeded on his march without interruption, flattering himself that he might be able to execute his favourite project by a bold attempt to pass the Danube near Vienna.

This city capitulated on the 13th of May, so that there was no further occasion to expose the army to hazard by crossing the Danube, for which no sufficient preparation had been made, and which must have been effected in the face of the enemy, and under local circumstances of the greatest disadvantage. By the surrender of Vienna the army had also lost a point of support on which to rest its military operations.

In this situation of affairs the Archduke resolved to collect his army at the foot of the hill Bisamberg, and allow it a few days of rest, which, after so many forced marches, it urgently wanted. The cavalry, for the convenience of water, was posted along the Russ, a rivulet, which is concealed by ground covered with bushes, and the advanced guard pushed forward to the Danube, in order to observe the movements of the enemy, and prevent his passing the river, which he had already attempted to do from Nussdorf, to what is called the Black Lacke, but with so little success, that a battalion of his advanced guard was taken. The chain of the outposts extended on the left side as far as the March, and on the right to Krems: this place and Presburg were occupied by some battalions; and the head quarters of the Archduke were, on the 16th of May, at Ebersdorf, near the high road leading to Brunn.

On the 19th the outposts reported, that the enemy had taken possession of the great island of Lobau, within about six English miles of Vienna; that his numbers encreased there every hour, and that he seemed to be employed in throwing a bridge across the great arm of the Danube behind the island. From the top of the Bisamberg, the whole of the opposite country appeared to be enveloped in a cloud of dust, and the glitter of arms evinced a general movement of troops beyond Summering, towards Kaiser-Ebersdorf, whither, according to later accounts, the Emperor Napoleon had removed his head quarters, and was by his presence hastening and promoting the preparations for passing the river.

On the following morning, at day break, the Archduke resolved to reconnoitre the island, and employed for this purpose part of the advanced guard, under the command of Field-Marshal Lieutenant Count Klenau, supported by some regiments of cavalry.

The isle of Lobau forms a convenient place of arms, which is about six English miles long, and four and a half broad, and being separated by the large arm of the Danube from the right bank, nothing prevents the building of a bridge, which is concealed by ground covered with bushes; and the great extent of the island affords the advantage of sending troops and ordnance from so many points of it, that the passage across the smaller arm to the large plain of Marchfield may be made good by force of arms.

It was soon perceived by the strength of the enemy's columns which advanced upon the island, and placed their cannon so as to support the second passage, that he meditated a serious attack. The advanced guard sustained a tolerably warm engagement, and the cavalry routed the first division of the enemy, which debouched from the low grounds on the

edge of the river, late in the evening; upon which the Archduke, whose intention was not to prevent the passage of the enemy, but to attack him the following day, retreated with his cavalry to Anderklaa, and ordered the advanced troops to fall back to Maass, according as the enemy should extend himself.

On the 21st at day-break the Archduke ordered his army under arms, and formed it in two lines on the rising ground behind Gerasdorf, and between the Bisam-hill and the rivulet Russ. The corps of Lieut.-General Hiller formed the right wing near Stammersdorf; on its left was the corps of the General of cavalry Count Bellegarde, and next to that the corps of Lieut-Gen. Prince Hohenzollern, in the alignement of Deutsch Wagram. The corps of Prince Rosenberg was posted by battalions in column on the Russbach on the rivulet Russ, kept Deutsch Wagram strongly occupied, having, for the security of the left wing, placed on the heights beyond that place a division *en reserve*. The whole cavalry, which the day before had advanced under the command of Prince Lichtenstein by Anderklaa, was called back into the line, filling, in two lines, the space intervening between the left wing of Prince Hohenzollern and the right of Prince Rosenberg.

The vast plain of the Marchfield spread like a carpet before the front of the line, and appeared, by the absence of every obstruction, to be destined to form the theatre of some great event. The grenadiers remained in reserve near Seiering, and the corps of the General of Artillery Prince of Reuss kept the Bisam-hill, and the low bushy ground along the Danube strongly occupied. Part of it was still left near Krems, the corps being almost broke up by having so many of its divisions detached to so considerable a distance.

At nine o'clock, the Archduke ordered the arms to be piled, and the troops to dine. The picquet of observation on the Bisam-hill reported that the bridge across the Danube behind the isle of Lobau, being now quite finished, was plainly perceivable, and that troops were without intermission seen filing off over it, as well as passing in boats, to the isle. The outposts, likewise, gave information, of the gradual augmentation of the enemy in the town of Enzersdorf and in the villages of Essling and Aspern, and of his advancing towards Hirschstetten.

The Archduke Charles now thought that the moment for giving battle had arrived, and hastened to Gerasdorf, where the chief of his Quarter-Master General's Staff, General Baron Wimpfen, sketched out the following plan:—

*Plan of attack upon the hostile army on its march between Esling and Aspern, and towards Hirschstetten.*

" The attack to be made in five columns. The first column, or the column of the right wing, is formed by the corps of Lieut.-General Hiller. It will advance from its present position in the direction between the ' Point' and Leopoldau along the nearest arms of the Danube, pass along the left bank towards Stodelau and Aspern, keep constantly near the Danube and the meadows bordering upon it, and is vigorously to repulse the enemy, who most likely will meet it on the same road, and to drive him from the left bank. This column must not suffer its progress to be impeded by the batteries which the enemy perhaps may have erected on the islands, but must endeavour to silence them by its cannon, and spiritedly continue to advance.

" The second column consists of the corps of the General of cavalry Count Bellegarde; leaving Gerasdorf to the left, it will march towards Leopoldau, endeavour to join the first column on the right, advance upon Kagran, and then, conjointly with the third column, upon the left, push forwards towards Hirschstetten.

" The third column is composed of the corps of Lieut.-General Prince Hohenzollern. It will march by Sussenbrunn to Breitenlee, and from thence towards Aspern, and will endeavour to join on its right the second column, and on its left the fourth.

" The fourth column, under the command of Lieut.-General Prince Rosenberg, is made up of that part of his corps which is posted on the right bank of the rivulet Russ: it is to ad-

vance, by Anderklaa and Raschdorf, towards Essling.

"The fifth column is formed by that part of Prince Rosenberg's corps which stands between Deutsch Wagram and Beaumersdorf. It will cross the Russ near Beaumersdorf, leave Raschdorf and Bischdorf to the right, endeavour to pass to the left round the town of Enzersdorf, and secure its left flank by the Archduke Ferdinand's regiment of hussars.

"The cavalry reserve, under the command of General Prince Lichtenstein, to march by the way of Anderklaa, without coming in contact with the fourth column, between Raschdorf and Breitenlee, and straight to the New Inn, keeping continually at such a distance between the heads of the third and fourth columns as, in case of necessity, to be near at hand for the purpose of repelling the main body of the enemy's cavalry.

"The grenadier corps of reserve to march from Seiering into the position which the corps of Bellegarde has taken up behind Gerasdorf.

"All the columns and corps will march at twelve o'clock at noon. Their second lines to follow them at a suitable distance. Every column to form its own advanced guard. The order of march, and the distribution of the field pieces to be left to the judgment of the commanders of the respective corps. The whole will march by half divisions. Lieut.-Gen. Klenau to form the advanced guard of the fourth and fifth columns, and, before he advances, to suffer the heads of these columns to come quite up to him, in order that he may have at hand a sufficient support of infantry.

"Of the corps of cavalry, the brigade under the command of Veesey to be attached to the second column, and the regiment O'Reilly to the third; and both brigades are to repair immediately, the former to Gerasdorf and the latter to Sussenbrunn.

"The principal object in view is to drive back the enemy entirely over the first arms of the Danube, destroy the bridges he has thrown over them, and occupying the bank of the Lobau with a numerous artillery, especially howitzers.

"The infantry will form on the plain in battalions, with half divisions from the centre.

"His Imperial Highness the General in chief recommends order, closeness during the advance, and a proper use of every species of arms. His station will be with the second column.

"*Gerasdorf, May* 21, 1809."

The columns consisted of—

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1st | 19 batt. | 22 squad. |
| 2d | 20 | 16 |
| 3d | 22 | 8 |
| 4th | 13 | 8 |
| 5th | 13 | 16 |
| The corps of cavalry | — | 78 |
| The corps of grenadiers | 16 | — |
| Total | 113 batt. | 148 squad. |

all which amounted to 75,000 men, effective troops.

Of artillery, there were 18 batteries of brigade, 13 of position, and 11 of horse artillery; in the aggregate two hundred and eighty-eight pieces of different calibres.

The enemy had availed himself extremely well of the advantages of the ground to cover his passage. The extensive villages of Essling and Aspern, mostly composed of brick houses, and encircled all round by heaps of earth, resembled two bastions between which a double line of natural trenches, intended to draw off the water, served as the curtain, and afforded every possible security to the columns passing from the isle of Lobau. Essling had a granary furnished with loopholes, and whose three stories afforded room for several hundred men, while Aspern was provided with a strong churchyard. The left side of the latter village borders on an arm of the Danube. Both villages had a safe communication with the bushy ground near the Danube, from which the enemy had it constantly in his power to dispatch, unseen, fresh reinforcements. The isle of Lobau served at once as a place of arms and as a tete-de-pont, a bridge-head for the bridge, in the rear across the main arm of the river.

The enemy with the divisons of Generals Molitor, Boudet, Nansouty,

Legrand, Espagne, Lasalle, and Ferrand, under the Marshals Massena and Lasnes, as well as Marshal Bessieres, together with the guards of the Wurtemberg, Hesse-Darmstadt and Baaden auxiliaries, had already left this position, and was directing his march towards Hirschstetten, when the first Austrian advanced guards met him.

If it be at all permitted in war, to indulge favourable presentiments, it was certainly excusable so to do at that great moment, when, on the 21st of May, exactly at twelve o'clock, the columns began to put themselves in motion for the attack.—A general enthusiasm had taken possession of the troops—joyful war-songs, accompanied by Turkish music, resounded through the air, and were interrupted by shouts of "Long live our Emperor, long live the Archduke Charles!" whenever the Imperial General appeared, who had placed himself at the head of the second column. Every breast panted with anxious desire and high confidence after the decisive moment; and the finest weather favoured the awful scene.

*(To be continued.)*

# PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

## CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

DIED.] At Cambridge, aged 57, Mr. Samuel Barker, keeper of Hobson's Workhouse (commonly called the Spinning-house) in St. Andrew's street. He succeeded his father in that situation in the year 1783; since that time, by the strictest integrity of conduct, and humane attention to the unhappy who came under his care, he gained great credit to himself, and gave general satisfaction to the trust under which he acted.

## CUMBERLAND.

At Harrowslack sheep-shearing the attendance was greater than on any former occasion; nearly 100 gentlemen and farmers dined with Mr. Curwen, in a tent erected for the occasion: a large assemblage of shepherds also partook of the hospitalities of the day. The show of cattle was numerous, and many admirable specimens of the long horn exhibited. Mr. Curwen's flock is greatly increased, and much improved. The sheep clipped well: the average of the whole was 3lb. 9½oz. —Mr. Curwen strongly recommended attention to the improvement of the fleece. The first and second premiums given by the society were both adjudged to cloth manufactured entirely of Southdown wool.

## DORSETSHIRE.

Dorchester Annual Wool Fair was well attended; nearly 900 growers and buyers sat down to an excellent collation in Mr. Davy's large barn, Earl Macclesfield in the chair. After the cloth was removed, the Earl addressed the company on the state of the wool markets, and on the prospect of the great advantages likely to accrue from this establishment. The company then adjourned to another barn of Mr. Davy's, when the sale commenced. —Leicester 38s. per tod and upwards. —Berkshire, from 35s. to 40s.—South-Downs, from 3 guineas to 3l. 10s.

## ESSEX.

The Annual Meeting of the Essex Agricultural Society was held, as usual, at Chelmsford, and some very good stock was exhibited. Besides those which gained the premiums, there were many animals particularly entitled to notice; there were six cart stallions, some of which were very capital; likewise, a good three-year-old cart colt belonging to Mr. Robinson, not entered, and a very beautiful blood horse, by Whisky, the property of Mr. Parsons, of Stoke. The prize was adjudged to a cart stallion, the property of Mr. Mason. The cattle exhibited were principally of the Devon breed; there was, however, a three-year-old Holderness bull, the property of Mr. Pooly, to which the prize was given. The premium for the best cow was given to Mr. Waters, a very fine animal of the Devon breed, who had a premium for the long-woolled ram. Mr. Burgoyne's team of Devon oxen excited universal admiration; and Mr. Bygrave's fat heifers of the Holderness kind, particularly

one of them, were remarkably fine.—The South-down ewe hoggets shewn were very good; and there were some half-bred Merino and Southdown, belonging to Mr. Kortwright, which were very pretty, and the superior weight and quality of their fleeces is an object worthy of the consideration of all breeders. Mr. Burgoyne had likewise some half-bred Merino and South-down, which appeared to carry very fine fleeces. There were some very good South-down rams of Lord Petre's and Mr. Dunkin's, besides one of Mr. Honeywood's, and another of Mr. Western's, not entered. Mr. Thurlow had the premiums for fine wool, ram and ewe hoggets. Mr. Lee for the best boar. Premiums were allowed to labourers, &c. as usual.

At dinner, Mr. Hanbury presided in the chair.

*Harwich, July* 23.—In our harbour there are now laying upwards of sixty sail of ships, thirty of which are transports full of troops, and four armed brigs; the rest are vessels detained by the embargo; the sight is truly animating, the number of brave fellows on board the transports, the music playing, the bustle of boats passing and repassing to the shore, the Generals and their Staff Officers parading the streets of Harwich, and the particular fineness of the weather, render it a sight very interesting.

*Died.*] In his 48th year, after imprudently drinking a quantity of cold water, whilst warm, in attending his haymakers, the Rev. Hen. Lewes, M.A. Vicar of Mucking and Broxted, both in this county.

HAMPSHIRE.

A shocking murder was lately committed on the road leading from the village of Pepper, New Forest, to Goring, by two fellows, on the body of a smuggler, who was conveying some property in a tilted cart, in company with a little girl, his daughter. The ruffians demanded the man's money, and having a quantity of guineas about him to convey to Portsmouth, he refused compliance to the robbers' request, when they beat him with their bludgeons until he was lifeless, and got at his property, leaving the little girl bound in the cart; and after taking out the horses, and turning them loose on the common, the villains decamped.

*Died.*] At Hook Cottage, Horndean, Miss Mary Mottley, aged 18, daughter of Mr. J. C. M. of Portsmouth. The deceased was of a most amiable and affectionate disposition, and her abilities of a superior cast. Prepossessing in her manners, her loss is most sensibly felt by her parents and a numerous acquaintance.

HERTFORDSHIRE.

During the violent thunderstorm on Tuesday, July the 4th, the house of Captain Smith, of East-hill, in this county, took fire, in consequence of the lightning communicating to the bell-wires of the first floor. The room was in a blaze before the accident was discovered, and the house was burnt to the ground; none of the furniture being saved, except that on the ground floor.

KENT.

*Died.*] At Town Malling, sincerely esteemed and lamented, William Perfect, M. D. who after having devoted a long life to the service of the most wretched of his fellow creatures, in the very skilful and humane exercise of his profession, may truly be said to have diminished the sum of human misery; while by the amiable and social qualities of his mind, and the generous and constant distribution of his property, he contributed in an equal degree to the stock of sublunary happiness. His social and moral virtues will long be remembered by the ancient and honourable society of Free and Accepted Masons, in this county; and the memory of their zealous and affectionate Grand Master will be long and ardently cherished; while the numerous dependants upon his bounty will do ample justice to the goodness of his heart, and acknowledge with regret that in him humanity has lost a friend.

LANCASHIRE.

It is intended to take down the spire and part of the steeple of St. George's Church, at Liverpool, a measure which, though greatly to be regretted on account of the architectural beauty of the structure, is yet become absolutely necessary to the security of the

inhabitants, and all who attend the market.

A number of catholic gentlemen, students, &c. who left Liege some years since, when the French troops entered that city, have at length been enabled to form an establishment at Stonyhurst, in this county, where they are making a laudable attempt to introduce the sciences, in their improved state, into their common course of education. As a first step, a handsome room for a library, and another for a mathematical apparatus have been built; to which it is intended to add a chemical laboratory as soon as possible. It is not doubted that they will soon be enabled not only to finish the erection of their building, but to procure the books and instruments necessary for the completion of their undertaking; a very liberal subscription having been procured among the friends to their establishment.

LINCOLNSHIRE.

*Died.*] At Stamford, Mr. Daniel Lambert, so long celebrated for his immense bulk. Mr. L. had arrived from Huntingdon, but a few days previous to his decease, intending to receive the visits of the curious who might attend the ensuing races. On Tuesday evening he sent a message to the office of the Stamford paper, requesting that, as the "mountain could not wait upon Mahomet, Mahomet would go to the mountain,"—or, in other words, that the printer would call upon him, and receive an order for executing some hand-bills announcing Mr. Lambert's arrival, and his desire to see company. The orders he gave upon that occasion were delivered without any presentiment that they were to be his last, and with his usual cheerfulness. He was in bed—one of large dimensions, ("Ossa upon Olympus, and Pelion upon Ossa")—fatigued with his journey, but anxious that the bills might be quickly printed, in order to his seeing company next morning. Before nine o'clock on that morning, however, he was a corpse! Nature had endured all the trespass she could admit: the poor man's corpulency had constantly increased, until at the time we have mentioned, the clogged machinery of life stood still, and this prodigy of mammon was numbered with the dead.

He was in his 40th year; and upon being weighed, within a few days, by the famous Caledonian balance, (in the possession of Mr. King of Ipswich) was found to be 52 stone 11lbs. in weight, (14lbs. to the stone) which is 10 stone 11lbs. more than the great Mr. Bright of Essex, ever weighed. He had apartments at Mr. Berridge's, the Waggon and Horses, in St. Martin's, on the ground floor, for he had long been incapable of walking up stairs. His coffin, in which his remains were with great difficulty placed, was 6 feet 4 inches long, 4 feet 4 inches wide, and 2 feet 4 inches deep: the immense substance of his legs made it necessarily almost a square case. The celebrated Sarcophagus of Alexander, viewed with so much admiration at the British Museum, would not nearly contain this immense sheer hulk.

The coffin, which consisted of 112 superficial feet of elm, was built upon two axle-trees and four clog wheels; and upon these the remains of the BIG man were rolled into his grave; which is in the new burial ground at the back of St. Martin's church. A regular descent was made, by cutting away the earth slopingly for some distance. The window and wall of the room in which he lay were taken down, to allow his exit. He was buried at eight o'clock on Friday morning. Having been extricated from the lodging in which he died, his remains were drawn by eight men with ropes to the burial ground: into the church it was not possible to take him. As might be expected of such a corpse, in a very few hours after death, almost all identity of feature was lost; and although he was buried in eight and forty hours, his remains had been kept quite as long as was prudent. A large concourse attended his funeral; and in the course of the day, many hundred persons from the neighbourhood visited his grave.

Mr. Lambert was an intelligent and pleasant companion; and notwithstanding his extreme corpulence, his limbs are said to have borne a very exact proportion to each other. In his youth he was an excellent swimmer; and he has for many years been

celebrated in the sporting world as a great breeder and feeder of cocks. He was also famous for his dogs; some of which were sold at Tattersall's a short time ago, at prices which proved the estimation in which Lambert was held by sportsmen of the first eminence. Extraordinary as it may appear, it is true, that he had his greyhounds with him at Stamford when he died, and intended to have taken the diversion of coursing in the season!—that is, he meant to have been taken in his carriage to an open country, where he might have seen his dogs pursue the game. It is said that Stamford is the last place at which he meant to exhibit himself for a price. He has a sister living at Leicester, who attended his funeral.

At Scottlethorpe, Mr. Samuel Clay, an eminent astrologer. The remains of this extraordinary man happened to be buried upon a very tempestuous day; and that circumstance has much strengthened a notion which had been long prevalent in a district round his dwelling, that the deceased was in his life-time *a very potent* MAGICIAN!—Fools are the produce of every province, or perhaps a regard for the fame of our native county, might prevent our relating what a surprising influence the habits of this man had acquired over a number of people within some miles of him. He was verily believed of many to be a *Conjuror*, and he *practised* as such for the space of thirty years with considerable success!—If any thing could be an excuse for the credulity of those whom this "Sam Clay," as he was called, deceived, his superior cunning, and the very extraordinary and impressive figure of the man, might perhaps be pleaded. He was born at Scottlethorpe, and was for a short time apprenticed to a baker there; but having had a little education, he disdained the *unleavened* pursuit of his master, and led an idle half-studious life in his father's cottage, on the Grimsthorpe domain; to which cottage, on the death of his father, he succeeded. By that time the recluse life of the man had occasioned some conversation, and he was regarded with a degree of terror by the children of the neighbouring villages. He stood six feet in height, was remarkably erect and thin, with "eyes severe and coat of formal cut, full of wise saws he was and modern instances;" and his loins were usually girt with a belt, his waistcoat was of goat or dog-skin, and ever at the "witching time o'night" he prowled abroad! In a little while his fame became very general, and silly people from considerable distances resorted to his habitation, to have their difficulties dispelled, and take the benefit of his occult studies: almost innumerable are the instances adduced in which this cunning man hit upon expedients to relieve and satisfy his ignorant votaries. Being consulted by a man who had lost some traps for catching vermin in the purlieus of Grimsthorpe Park, the astrologer told him he would, by the *second sunrise*, discover the person who had stolen them! He employed the interval in making reasonable enquiries; and having suspicion of the offender, he went to a field in which the man was at work, and, accosting him with all the confidence and severity necessary for his purpose, "You stole——'s traps" said he. The appalled offender, smitten with his guilt, and with the *impossibility* of deceiving his accuser, confessed the fact, and told where he had secreted the stolen articles. "I charge you," concluded the conjuror, "move them not from the spot in which they lie, nor speak of the confession you have made to me, on pain of the most terrible torments my skill is able to inflict." The man who had sustained the loss, called again at the time appointed, and, by the direction of Sam Clay to a particular part of the offender's cottage, recovered his property. Of course the amazing skill of the conjuror was trumpeted in all quarters.

A few years ago, this Sam Clay, having, we suppose, misplaced one of his spells, was reduced to the dire necessity of declaring, by advertisement in a newspaper, that *he was no conjuror*! and of begging pardon of an innocent person whom he had charged with theft! This circumstance had but a slight and temporary effect upon his reputation, and he died in full feather as a magician, in the 50th year of his age.

NORFOLK.

The anniversary of the Norfolk Agricultural Society was lately held at East Dereham, and attended by most of the surrounding gentlemen. T. W. Coke, Esq. president. Amongst other important business, it was agreed that, besides the two general meetings in July and February, there should be another at Norwich upon some Friday in April; and that for shew at the two meetings, in February at Lynn and in April at Norwich, premiums should be offered for the best and second best pens of one-year-old wethers of the Norfolk, southdown, Leicester, and best-improved cross from the merino breeds, and also for the best and the second best bullocks not more than four-years old, which wethers and bullocks need not have been bred by the persons who produce them. Premiums were agreed to be offered for water meadows, crops of lucerne, hemp, Swedish turnips, and economy in feeding horses; and also to labourers, dairy maids, cottagers growing potatoes and vegetables, and to cottagers for keeping bees. Six claims were made by shepherds for producing the greatest number of lambs.—In the first class Mr. Wymer's shepherd, of Lammas, J. Clarke, gained the premium of 2*l.* for producing 326 lambs from 248 ewes, of which he lost five, against Mr. P. Bell's shepherd, who had 404 lambs from 328 ewes, of which he lost 6.—In the second class, Mr. Styleman's shepherd, J. Flood, received the premium of 3*l.* for 459 lambs from 400 ewes, of which he lost 24.—In the third class, Mr. Barber's shepherd, J. Boom, gained the premium of 4*l.* for 855 lambs from 606 ewes, of which he lost 16: against Mr. Styleman's shepherd, James Pairmain, who had 644 lambs from 605 ewes, of which he lost 43.—In the fifth class was one claimant, who had 980 lambs from 987 ewes, of which he lost 15; but this was deemed not deserving of a premium.—Of the premiums for stock, Mr. Moseley (without competition) received that for the best southdown ram. Two pens of southdown theaves were shewn by Mr. E. Beck and Mr. W. M. Hill; the first premium was adjudged to the former, and the second to the latter.—Mr. Moseley gained the premium for the boar, against Mr. E. Beck and Mr. Clarke, of Reymerstone.—One bull only was sent, but the judges deemed him undeserving of the premium.—It was recommended to the Society to consider the propriety of offering a premium for carrots, and also for the pure merino breed of sheep, as well as the cross, at a future period.

The corporation of Lynn are said to have it in contemplation to erect a new bridge leading to St. German's, Wisbech, &c. on the scite of that now called Long Bridge, crossing the river Nar, which has long been in a dangerous dilapidated state.

Thetford Wool Fair this season was most numerously and respectably attended, but very little business was done. Mr. Coke offered his southdown wool at four guineas per tod, which did not, however, sell at that price: 3*l.* 17*s.* was given for a flock.

A short time since, as a benevolent friend, in the western part of this county, was walking over his estate, he perceived a poor woman breaking down his fences for fire-wood, and, addressing her, said "he would endeavour to find means for preventing it in future." The poor woman returned home, under the expectation of receiving a visit from the officers of justice; but, to her agreeable surprise, in a few hours afterwards, a chaldron of coals was sent by the orders of her injured reprover, who, meeting with her the following day, thus accosted her,—"I think, friend, I have found a preventative to your breaking down my fences in future; and when the means I have adopted are exhausted, I will try and find others to prevent a repetition thereof." If this humane example were followed in every parish of the kingdom, there would be less cause for complaint against wood-stealers and fence-breakers.

*Died.*] At Norwich, Dr. Beckwith, the celebrated Organist.

Few men have commanded or deserved more universal admiration and respect than Dr. Beckwith, and to the lovers of music in this city in particular his loss may be pronounced irreparable. He displayed very early in life strong musical talents, and

received his education under Dr. Philip Hayes, then Professor of Music at Oxford: he was there distinguished no less for his uncommon and close application to the study of music as a science, than for his extraordinary powers as an organist. Here indeed, for the bold and striking genius with which he conceived, the correct and brilliant manner in which he executed, and the uncommonly rich, classical, original, and truly scientific style in which he performed his inimitable Voluntaries, he may be pronounced to be without a rival. His style of organ playing might be said to be peculiarly and thoroughly his own, and the delight which his performances on that instrument gave will long be remembered by those who have heard them. His compositions were not numerous. The principal of them were a collection of Voluntaries and a set of Anthems, both written when he was young. His last work was a collection of Chants, in which he had been long engaged, and which appeared this year. The same strong and masterly hand appeared in his written compositions as in his Voluntaries. His style was formed upon the best models, and many of his writings would have done honour to Purcell or Croft.—It must ever be a subject of regret to the lovers of sacred music, that Dr. Beckwith did not enjoy more leisure from the duties of a laborious profession to devote to composition. We have just enough to know what his mind was capable of.—Great as were Dr. Beckwith's powers, as a musician, and much as his time was occupied in his profession, he never neglected or forgot his duties as a man, and a member of society; on the contrary, he discharged them with an unusual degree of correctness and diligence. Several of the most useful charities in this city were partly indebted to him for their origin, and they never ceased to receive from him the most steady and active assistance. We might go on to enumerate his many and great qualities, but we feel it to be needless. Few men were better known than Dr. Beckwith—few were more sincerely beloved and admired—few will be more deeply lamented.

In the prime of life, Mr. John Rivett, of East Dereham, formerly master of the academy at Wymondham. His abilities as a scholar entitled him to considerable respect amidst his numerous pupils; and the cheerfulness of his disposition, added to the integrity of his general conduct, will make his death lamented, and his memory revered by his relatives and friends.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

*Died.*] At Duddington, John Smith, M.D. He was of an ancient family in North Britain, and after serving several years as a surgeon in the Navy, settled at Uppingham, in Rutlandshire, in the same house where two of his immediate predecessors and countrymen, Drs. Fordyce and Garthshore, had been so successful as to establish themselves afterwards with eminence in London, as phycians. He was for many years in extensive and respectable practice in the principal families in the town and neighbourhood; punctual and indefatigable in his profession, and, in addition to his medical services, ever charitable to the poor.

SHROPSHIRE.

At Shrewsbury Fair, this season, pasture wool sold from 15*s.* to 24*s.* per stone; fine fleece ditto, from 30*s.* to 40*s.*: the first found ready purchasers, but of the latter the sale was not so brisk. Cheese sold from 68*s.* to 75*s.*

SUFFOLK.

Captain Barclay, who lately undertook, for a wager of 1000 guineas, to walk a thousand miles in a thousand sucessive hours, completed his most astonishing performance on Wednesday afternoon, the 12th of July. He began his last mile about half past three o'clock, in high spirits, and performed it in about eighteen minutes. A silk flag was carried in triumph before him, with the inscription, "*Long live the man of a thousand,*" followed by twelve persons decorated with cockades. The influx of company had so much increased on Sunday, that it was recommended that the ground should be roped in. To this, however, Captain Barclay objected, saying that he did not like such parade. The crowd, however,

became so great on Monday, and he had experienced so much interruption, that he was prevailed upon to allow this precaution to be taken, and the last morning the workmen began to rope in the ground. For the last two days he appeared in higher spirits, and performed his mile with apparently more ease, and in shorter time than he had done for some days past. With the change of the weather, he had thrown off his lose great coat, which he wore during the rainy period, and on Wednesday performed in a flannel jacket. He also put on shoes remarkably thicker than any which he had used in any previous part of his performance. When asked how he meant to act after he had finished his feat? he said he should that night take a good sound sleep, but that he must have himself awakened twice or thrice in the night, to avoid the danger of a too sudden transition from almost constant exertion to a state of long repose. One hundred to one, and indeed any odds whatever, were offered on Wednesday morning; but so strong was the confidence in his success, that no bets could be obtained. The multitude of people who resorted to the scene of action, in the course of the concluding days, was unprecedented. Not a bed could be procured at Newmarket, Cambridge, or any of the towns and villages in the vicinity, and every horse and every species of vehicle was engaged. Among the nobility and gentry who witnessed, on Wednesday, the conclusion of this extraordinary feat, were—the Dukes of Argyll and St. Alban's; Earls Grosvenor, Besborough, and Jersey; Lords Foley and Somerville; Sir John Lade, Sir F. Standish, &c. &c. The Captain has won about 2000*l.* and the aggaegate of betting may be computed at 15,000*l.*

The benefactions of the Rev. Dr. Taylour, Mr. Myddleton, and Mrs. Ann Cam, to poor clergymen with good characters and large families, were this year distributed to 110 persons by the governors of the Sons of the Clergy, viz. to 97 of them 15*l.* each, and to 13 of them 10*l.* each.—Among whom thirty-four of these gentlemen had 320 children; and the highest income was one of 115*l.* (viz. the Rev. William Betham, of Kenton and Aspal, in this county, who has fourteen children) of the rest none exceeded 90*l.* and some as low as only 25*l.* making an average of but 5*l.* 13*s.* for the maintenance of each child!!!

*Died.*] At Framlingham, Miss Toms, eldest daughter of the late Rev. Isaac Toms, of Hadleigh, in the same county.

YORKSHIRE.

*Died.*] In his 80th year, Alexander Hunter, M.D. F.R.S. L. & E. and Physician to the York Lunatic Asylum. He practised nearly 50 years in this city, with the highest eminence and credit in his professional character; his knowledge of which was the result of science, skill, and well-founded experience. His goodness as a man,—his urbanity and gentlemanly manners,—his practice of every real and social virtue,—the manly and pleasing manner with which he gave his advice, whether as a physician, a friend, or a mentor,—his encouragement of the arts, or whatever appeared to be beneficial to mankind,—will ever embalm his memory in the hearts of his friends, and of all those who had an opportunity of knowing him; while his family and connections will long have to regret the loss of a tender husband, an affectionate parent, a kind relative, and an indulgent and liberal master. In the world of letters he was highly esteemed, being author and annotator of several works of great merit, among which were his editions of "Evelyn's Sylva," 2 vols. 4to.; "Georgical Essays," 6 vols. 8vo. &c. &c. In his leisure hours he used occasionally to amuse himself with composing miscellaneous pieces, such as "Essays on Cases of Insanity," on "Agriculture," &c. &c. and which were always well received by the public. His remains were interred in the church of St. Michael le Belfrey, attended by a numerous and very respectable body of his friends and fellow citizens.

WALES.

A woman of the name of Plosser, residing at Hay, Brecknockshire, who had been for some time in a very ill state of health, was lately supposed, by the persons in attendance on her, to have died, and the necessary prepa-

rations for the funeral had commenced. The body was laid out by a female usually employed on such occasions; who, on returning to the house about six hours afterwards, and observing the hands had been removed from the situation they had been placed in, concluded some person had been in the room: but, on going to close the mouth, was greatly alarmed by the supposed corpse exclaiming, "Do not close my mouth, for I am not yet dead," which threw her into fits. The sick person has since so far recovered as to be able to sit up in her room, is still living, although in a very languid state; and she declares that she heard all the conversation which passed relative to her funeral, but, from extreme weakness, had not the power of speech or motion.

SCOTLAND.

The annual fair at Stobsmoor, in the vicinity of Dundee, was held on Tuesday, July 18. There was a greater show of cattle than usual, and they found a ready sale. Cattle in good condition were quickly bought up, at 15 to 20 per cent. above last year's prices.—In the evening an affray took place, which arose from the breaking of the head of a drum, belonging to a recruiting party of the 25th regiment of foot, in which the crowd and some soldiers of the artillery took one side, and the soldiers of the 25th took the other side. The soldiers used their swords and bayonets, and the populace stones and sticks. A young man was struck so violently on the head by a stone, that, though he had strength to go home, he expired the following morning. Two soldiers were carried to the barracks in a state of insensibility, and with many wounds. One Edmonstone, a porter, had his skull cleft with a sword, and numbers received dangerous blows; but they are all in the way of recovery.

*Ayr, July* 20.—We have waited for some time, in expectation of hearing of some tremendous concussion of the terraqueous globe: but the immediate scene of the disaster may have been so distant, as to cause the lapse of some weeks before intelligence can reach us. Tuesday, the 11th inst. was a fine day; the atmosphere betrayed no symptom of commotion; not a drop of rain fell; yet a noise, resembling that of thunder, was heard, at the same instant, on the western shore of Carrick, and in the interior of the island. By some it was compared to the firing of two or three pieces of cannon in rapid succession; to others it seemed the rattling of many chariots; and to others the falling of houses or other buildings, insomuch that the labourer, for a moment, suspended his toil, and looked towards the nearest edifice to ascertain whether it was still standing, or hastened to an eminence to behold the expected cavalcade of carriages: but no object met his view, either to realise his fear, or gratify his curiosity. There was no tremor of the ground perceptible by human sensation: but the brute creation perceived it; for horses and cows, while at feed, with the utmost composure, were seized with a sudden startling, not to be accounted for from the annoyance of insects or any similar cause, and ran with marks of the greatest consternation from one end of the field to another. In short, from every account which we have been able to obtain, respecting this singular phenomenon, we are led to conclude that it was occasioned by the extreme vibration, the dying away of an earthquake.

*Died.*] Lately, at Locknaw Castle, at an advanced age, Sir Stair Agnew, Baronet.

At Manse of Aberdour, the Rev. Andrew Youngson, minister of that parish, in the 82d year of his age, and forty-third of his ministry. He was long and severely distressed, but bore his afflictions with the greatest fortitude.

---

DEATHS ABROAD.

Marshal Lasnes, Duke of Montebello, mortally wounded on the 22d of May, at the village of Essling, like many other French Generals, had experienced great vicissitudes of fortune. Passing over, therefore, the parentage and birth of Lasnes, his plebeian condition occasioned him, when a revolutionary General of Division, to be suspected, by the aristocratic members of the Committee

of Public Safety, of having taken, in concert with Houchard, a bribe to allow the Duke of York to escape from Dunkirk. Houchard was guillotined, and Lasnes was imprisoned in the Madonnalletes, at Paris, where the writer of this article had the fate to be immured also, in consequence of the decree of the 15th of Sept. 1793, against the subjects of all states at war with France. Lasnes, faithful however to the republic, then the idol of all Frenchmen, so far from resenting on the new government the personal injuries he was sustaining, employed his time in teaching all his young fellow-prisoners to march in close order along the Corridor of that spacious prison, (once a convent) intimating to them that they would sooner or later be called upon to defend their country. The report of his loyalty, thus manifested, obtained him his liberty, and he was sent to join Pichegru's victorious army, from which period he continued to gain rank and esteem; and it has been said that, next to Murat and Augereau, Bonaparte has rated his merits as a soldier. He was nearly 35 years of age, about five feet ten inches high, and of a very becoming martial appearance.

At Cassel, the celebrated Swiss historian, Johannes Von Muller. In his great history of his native country, he asserted, with spirit and talent, republican principles, which he however found compatible with obedience to arbitrary monarchs. He had entered successively into the service of the Elector of Mainz and the Emperor of Germany, as librarian; of the King of Prussia, as historiographer; and lastly, of King Jerome of Westphalia, first as Secretary of State, and afterwards as Minister of Public Instruction.

At Bushire, from whence he was proceeding with the Embassy to the Court of Persia, as Persian and Latin translator, Charles Lechmere Coore, Esq. of the Bombay Civil Establishment, in the 21st year of his age.

At Roseau, Dominica, in consequence of the fatigue he underwent at the capture of Martinique, Captain M'Dougall, of the 46th regiment.

At New York, America, June 8, the celebrated Thomas Paine, author of the Rights of Man, Age of Reason, &c. one of the founders of American Independence. He was buried with great funeral pomp at New Rochelle.

At Gumpendorf, near Vienna, aged 76, the celebrated musical composer, Joseph Haydn, Maestro di Capella to his Serene Highness Prince Esterhasy. Was born at Rhorau, in Lower Austria, in 1733. His father, a wheelwright by trade, played upon the harp without the least knowledge of music, which, however, excited the attention of his son, and first gave birth to his passion for music. In his early childhood he used to sing to his father's harp the simple tunes which he was able to play, and being sent to a small school in the neighbourhood, he there began to learn music regularly; after which he was placed under Reuter, Maestro di Capella of the cathedral at Vienna; and, having a voice of great compass, was received into the choir, where he was well taught, not only to sing, but to play on the harpsichord and violin. At the age of eighteen, on the breaking of his voice, he was dismissed from the cathedral. After this, he supported himself during eight years as well as he could by his talents, and began to study more seriously than ever. In 1759, he was received into the service of Count Marzin, as director of his music, whence, in 1761, he passed to the palace of Prince Esterhasy, to whose service he had been constantly attached ever since.

Besides his numerous pieces for instruments, he has composed many operas for the Esterhasy theatre, and church music that has established his reputation as a deep contrapuntist. His *Stabat Mater* has been performed and printed in England, and his oratorio of the *Creation*; his oratorio of *Il Ritorno di Tobia*, composed in 1773 for the benefit of the widows of musicians, has been annually performed at Vienna since, and is as high in favour there as Handel's *Messiah* in England. His instrumental *Passione*, in parts, is among his most exquisite productions. —It entirely consists of slow movements, on the subject of the last seven sentences of our Saviour, as recorded in the Evangelists. These strains are

so truly impassioned and full of heart-felt grief and dignified sorrow, that, though the movements are all slow, the subjects, keys, and effects are so new and so different, that a real lover of music will feel no lassitude or wish for lighter strains to stimulate attention.

His innumerable symphonies, quartets, and other instrumental pieces, which are so original and so difficult, have the advantage of being rehearsed and performed at Esterhasy, under his own direction, by a band of his own forming, who have apartments in the palace, and practice from morning to night, in the same room, according to Fischer's account, like the students in the conservatorios of Naples. Ideas so new and so varied were not at first so universally admired in Germany as at present. The critics in the northern parts of the empire were up in arms, condemning him for his eccentricities, and want of adherence to established rules: but this is a censure which the admirable Haydn long since silenced; for he is as much respected by professors for his science as invention. Indeed, his compositions are in general so new to the player and hearer, that they are equally unable, at first, to keep pace with his inspiration.

Dr. Burney, in his History of Music, observes that, "from the productions of the admirable and matchless Haydn, he has received more pleasure late in his life, when tired of most other music, than he ever received in the most ignorant and rapturous part of his youth, when every thing was new, and the disposition to be pleased undiminished by criticism or satiety."

The Rev. Mr. Latrobe, in the preface to his Selection of Sacred Music, says, "Haydn is justly considered as the father of music in our day; for though, during his younger years, he diligently studied the works of every great master, ancient and modern, his transcendant genius, soaring above them all, soon called the attention of the whole musical world upon himself: all admiring him for the beauty, boldness, and originality of his works, and afterwards regarding him as the best pattern for study and imitation. Far from being actuated by the impulses of envy, so common among the sons of harmony, I never heard him speak of his numerous imitators, (whose airy productions, more suited to the indolence of some, and to the weak musical capacity of others, seemed even to supplant the original in the public esteem) without allowing them all the merit which they really possess. To enter into a description of his worth, both as the greatest master of the art and as a private character, would exceed my ability."

## ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES.

JUNE 22, to JULY 22, 1809, inclusive.

[*Extracted from the London Gazette.*]----*The Solicitors' Names are between Parentheses.*

ATKINS J. Norwood, dealer in cattle, (Collett and Co. Chancery-lane).

Bolton J. R. John-street, Adelphi, wine-merchant, (Hannam, Great Piazza, Covent-garden). Butterworth J. Abchurch-lane, (Druce, Billiter-square). Bickford J. Brixham, shopkeeper, (Ballachy, Capel-court). Brodie O. South Shields, cord-wainer, (Bell and Co Bow-lane). Brockbank T. Ulverston, Wilson D. Gillespy J. and Taylor J. Maryport, cotton-manufacturers, (Bacon, Southampton-street).

Cook J. Bristol, looking-glass manufacturer, (Batsford, Jamaica-row). Collyer J. Bolton, cotton-manufacturer, (Foulkes and Co. Gray's-Inn). Coulson S. T. and Corder J. K. Lynn Regis, seedsmen, (James, White Lyon-street). M'Cullock A. Upper Grosvenor-street, navy agent, (Eves, Chapel-street). Cogan T. Houndsditch, stationer, (Wiltshire and Co. Old Broad-street). Cowley E. Threadneedle-street, merchant, (Dawes, Angel-court). Crush W. Chelmsford, upholsterer, (Adams, Old Jewry).

Dewhurst J. Halifax, grocer, (Hodgson, Surrey-street). Dodds J. Aldersgate-street, goldsmith, (Higden and Co. Curriers'-hall). Downs R. J. Maid-lane, baker, (Field and Co. Clifford's-Inn). Davis J. Holborn, trunk-maker, (Syddall, Aldersgate-street). Dunster T. Somerton, plumber and glazier, (Pearson, Pump-court). Dunage S. St. Paul's Church-yard, trunk-maker, (Hall, Coleman-street).

Fuller J. J. Yoxford, shopkeeper, (Hanrott and Co. Lincoln's-Inn, New-square). Forrest J. King-street, baker, (Richardson, Bury-street). Fennel I. Bath, marble-mason, (Gabell, Lincoln's-Inn). Farmer J. Hougham, dealer and chapman, (Blakelock and Co. Elm-court, Temple).

Geddes A. Finsbury-place, merchant, (Swain and Co. Old Jewry). Gray J. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchant, (Grey, Gray's Inn-square). Gibson G. Liverpool, pipe-maker, (Aviorn, Liverpool).

Hockly, A. M. Wickwar, cheese-factor, (James, Gray's-Inn-square). Harris, E. Gulston-square, stationer, (Harman, Wine-office-court). Heywood W. and H.ⁿ S. Manchester, linen-merchants, (Duckworth and Co. Manchester). Heywood J. Manchester, baker, (Ellis, Chancery-lane). Hawke T. Great Yarmouth, mill-wright, (Windus and Co. Chancery-lane). Humphreys T. Cheltenham-place, St George's Field's, horse-dealer, (Martin, Vintner's Hall, Upper Thames-street). Holland P. Leftwich, tanner, (Leigh and Co. New Bridge-street). Horton R. Newport, Salop, timber-merchant, (Baxter and Co. Furnival's-Inn). Hamill W. Chepstow money-scrivener, (Price and Co. Lincoln's-Inn).

Israel I. jun. Gloucester-street, linen-draper, (Osbaldeston, Little Tower-street). Ireland D. Portsea, tallow-chandler, (Nayloy, Great Newport-street). Isaacson J. S. New Road, Wellclose-square, money-scrivener, (Roche, Covent-garden, Churchyard).

Johnson W. Hertford, coal-merchant, (Jones and Co. Covent-garden Churchyard).

Knight E. Horsleydown-lane, lighterman, (Druce, Billiter-square).

Lake R. Plymouth, baker, (Twynam and Co. Inner Temple). Lines J. Upper Queen-street, Rotherhithe, smith, (Robinson, Prospect-row). Lay W. Duval's-lane, victualler, (Robinson, Charterhouse-square).

Martin W. Homerton, broker, (Dowse, Gray's Inn-square). Morris J. Chepstow, shopkeeper, (Platt, Tanfield-court, Temple). Matthews W Brown's-lane, carpenter, (Williams, junior, Lord Mayor's Court-office). Manning R. Stock Exchange, stock-broker, (Nethersole and Co. Essex-street). Moody C. Pidpit, Wilts, maltster, (Millett, Terrace, Gray's-Inn-lane). Milliken T. Finsbury-place, merchant, (Swain and Co. Old Jewry).

Neale T. St. Martin's-lane, dealer in spirituous liquors, (Robinson, Charterhouse-square) Norris P. Liverpool, iron-merchant, (Cooper and Co. Southampton-buildings).

Oddy S. A. and H. Oxford-street, booksellers, (Wiltshire and Co. Old Broad-street).

Pick R. Wakefield, grocer, (Sykes and Co. New-Inn). Porter T. jun. Corsham, clothier, (Frowd and Co. Temple). Parsons J. and Daniel W. St. Martin's-lane, hair-merchants, (Cunningham, New North-street).

Russell W. Liverpool, merchant, (Cooper and Co. Southampton-buildings). Rock J. Westmorland-buildings, tailor, (Lee, Three Crown-court).

Stephens J. Yeovil, gardener, (Blandford, King's-Bench-Walks). Stubbs G. Sheffield, edge-tool-maker, (Blagrave and Co. Symond's-Inn) Steedman W. Bramwell's-buildings, cabinet-maker, (Willoughby, Clifford's-Inn). Seaborne G Hoxton, sacking-manufacturer, (Harding, Primrose-street). Silvester R. Reading, timber-merchant, (Holmes, Great James-street). Stamforth T. Sheffield, cutler, (Wilson, Greville-street). Swaine T. Birmingham, common-carrier, (Kinderley, and Co. Holborn-court). Squire W. Leeds, hosier, (Lambert, Hatton-garden). Swaine R. Leeds, woolstapler, (Sykes and Co. New-Inn). Stanley W. Manchester, innkeeper, (Lyon, Gray's Inn). Scott J. D South Cadbury, Somersetshire, jobber, (Harvey, Lamb's-Conduit-place).

Thomas G. Pembroke, shopkeeper, (James, Gray's Inn-square). Tanner B. Dartmouth, shipbuilder, (Hurd, Temple). Taylor P. Sheffield, screw-manufacturer, Wilson, Greville-street).

Walsh F. C. Strand, chemist, (J. and W. Richardson, New-Inn).

## PRICES OF CANAL, DOCK, FIRE-OFFICE, WATER-WORKS, BREWERY SHARES, &c. &c.

*July* 21, 1809.

London Dock Stock, 120*l.* per cent.
West-India ditto, 175*l.* ditto.
East-India ditto, 130*l.* ditto.
Commercial ditto, 175*l.* ditto.
Grand Junction Canal Shares, 190*l.* per share.
Grand Surrey ditto, 80*l.* ditto.
Grand Union ditto. 20*s.* per share prem.
Kennett and Avon ditto, 27*l.* per share
Globe Fire and Life Assurance Shares, 118*l.* ditto.
Albion ditto, 58*l.* ditto.
Imperial Fire Assurance, 60*l.* per share
Kent ditto, 48*l.* per share.
Rock Life Assurance, 4*s.* to 5*s.* per share prem.
Commercial Road Stock, 123*l.* per cent.
London Institution, 84*l.* per share
Surrey ditto, par
South London Water Works, 135*l* pr. share
East London ditto, 165*l.* ditto.
West Middlesex ditto, 111*l.* ditto.
Kent Water-Works, 17*l.* ditto.

L. WOLFE and Co. *Canal, Dock, & Stock Brokers.*

## AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE late rain and seasonable change of weather has produced a very favourable effect. The wheat crops, generally speaking, promise to average well. The pea and bean crops, though in some situations tolerably fair, have been found rather deficient in stem and pod in the more light and gravelly soils. Potatoes have answered the promise of turning out well in a remarkable manner.

Of the grass in the hay districts, it cannot be said the crops have been by any means so full as was expected, having been found rather light and shrinking in the making. The southern counties are rather an exception to this kind of failure. The fruit districts never wore a worse appearance than at present: of apples, comparatively speaking, there are scarcely any. Pears have succeeded the most favourably.

There has been very little alteration in the prices of grain; and the late embargo has been principally instrumental in causing a depression in the sale. Fine flour has been named at 80s. per sack.

Price of meat in Smithfield Market:—Beef, 4s. 6d. to 5s. 0d.;—Mutton, 5s. 0d. to 6s. 0d.;—Lamb, 0s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.;—Veal, 4s. 8d. to 6s.;—Pork, 5s. 8d. to 6s.

*Middlesex, June 21.*

## AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN,

By the Winchester Quarter of 8 Bushels, and of OATMEAL per Boll of 140lbs. Averdupois, from the Returns received in the Week ended July 15, 1809.

INLAND COUNTIES.

| | Wheat | | Rye | | Barley | | Oats | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | s. | d. | s. | d. | s. | d. | s. | d. |
| Middsx. | 90 | 2 | 50 | 9 | 40 | 9 | 34 | 8 |
| Surrey | 92 | 0 | 46 | 0 | 42 | 0 | 38 | 8 |
| Hertford | 82 | 10 | 49 | 0 | 40 | 0 | 33 | 4 |
| Bedford | 86 | 1 | ——— | | 44 | 9 | 37 | 9 |
| Huntin. | 83 | 6 | ——— | | 42 | 0 | 32 | 4 |
| Northa. | 85 | 4 | 54 | 0 | 43 | 8 | 32 | 0 |
| Rutland | 90 | 0 | 64 | 0 | 50 | 6 | 36 | 6 |
| Leicest | 86 | 8 | 49 | 0 | 46 | 8 | 31 | 10 |
| Notting | 90 | 2 | 63 | 0 | 44 | 6 | 33 | 10 |
| Derby | 94 | 10 | ——— | | ——— | | 36 | 2 |
| Stafford | 91 | 5 | ——— | | 49 | 10 | 34 | 0 |
| Salop | 87 | 4 | 65 | 8 | 50 | 6 | 34 | 6 |
| Herefor | 80 | 3 | 48 | 0 | 41 | 0 | 34 | 11 |
| Wor'st. | 87 | 11 | ——— | | 47 | 8 | 41 | 7 |
| Warwic | 96 | 2 | ——— | | 51 | 10 | 40 | 11 |
| Wilts | 84 | 4 | ——— | | 40 | 6 | 37 | 0 |
| Berks | 92 | 0 | ——— | | 46 | 6 | 38 | 9 |
| Oxford | 87 | 9 | ——— | | 42 | 8 | 34 | 1 |
| Bucks | 90 | 3 | ——— | | 46 | 6 | 39 | 0 |
| Brecon | 96 | 0 | ——— | | 48 | 0 | 25 | 8 |
| Montgo. | 92 | 0 | ——— | | ——— | | 30 | 1 |
| Radnor. | 87 | 0 | ——— | | 42 | 7 | 32 | 6 |

MARITIME COUNTIES.

| | Wheat | | Rye | | Barley | | Oats. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | s. | d | s. | d. | s. | d | s. | d. |
| Essex ..... | 83 | 4 | 40 | 0 | 41 | 6 | 34 | 10 |
| Kent ..... | 80 | 0 | 58 | 0 | 38 | 3 | 34 | 6 |
| Sussex ..... | 77 | 4 | ——— | | ——— | | 35 | 0 |
| Suffolk ..... | 76 | 9 | ——— | | 39 | 11 | 30 | 9 |
| Cambridge .... | 83 | 6 | ——— | | 32 | 0 | 22 | 5 |
| Norfolk ..... | 80 | 11 | 48 | 0 | 34 | 0 | ——— | |
| Lincoln ..... | 87 | 3 | ——— | | 46 | 0 | 35 | 0 |
| York ..... | 80 | 5 | ——— | | ——— | | 25 | 10 |
| Durham ..... | 101 | 4 | ——— | | ——— | | 37 | 1 |
| Northumberland | 88 | 8 | 66 | 10 | 43 | 9 | 34 | 2 |
| Cumberland .. | 94 | 8 | 67 | 4 | 47 | 4 | 31 | 8 |
| Westmorland .. | 104 | 0 | 76 | 0 | 51 | 2 | 34 | 1 |
| Lancaster .... | 93 | 10 | ——— | | 43 | 10 | 28 | 7 |
| Chester ..... | 83 | 7 | ——— | | ——— | | ——— | |
| Flint ..... | 91 | 8 | ——— | | 51 | 7 | ——— | |
| Denbigh .... | 95 | 6 | ——— | | 46 | 10 | 28 | 9 |
| Anglesea ..... | ——— | | ——— | | 36 | 0 | 19 | 0 |
| Carnarvon .... | 93 | 6 | ——— | | 42 | 6 | 28 | 0 |
| Merioneth .... | 92 | 1 | ——— | | 45 | 0 | 26 | 4 |
| Cardigan ..... | 86 | 8 | ——— | | ——— | | 20 | 6 |
| Pembroke .... | 64 | 7 | ——— | | 41 | 8 | 16 | 0 |
| Carmarthen.... | 90 | 0 | ——— | | 52 | 0 | ——— | |
| Glamorgan .... | 94 | 0 | ——— | | 52 | 0 | 28 | 7 |
| Gloucester .... | 91 | 8 | ——— | | 45 | 8 | ——— | |
| Somerset..... | 87 | 0 | ——— | | 36 | 8 | 23 | 6 |
| Monmouth .... | 89 | 7 | ——— | | ——— | | ——— | |
| Devon ..... | 86 | 9 | ——— | | 39 | 3 | 32 | 0 |
| Cornwall..... | 90 | 0 | ——— | | 41 | 2 | 26 | 2 |
| Dorset ..... | 82 | 8 | ——— | | 42 | 0 | ——— | |
| Hants ..... | 81 | 11 | ——— | | 39 | 0 | 32 | 5 |

*Average of England and Wales.*

Wheat 87s. 11d.; Rye 56s. 4d.; Barley 43s. 9d.; Oats 31s. 8d.; Beans 58s. 11d.; Pease 55s. 9d.; Oatmeal 53s. 10d.

## BILL of MORTALITY, from JUNE 21, to JULY 25, 1809.

| CHRISTENED. | | | BURIED. | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Males | 928 | 1813 | Males, | 669 | 1333 |
| Females | 885 | | Females | 664 | |

Whereof have died under two years old 388

| Between | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 2 and 5 | - | 165 | 60 and 70 | - 87 |
| 5 and 10 | - | 70 | 70 and 80 | - 85 |
| 10 and 20 | - | 47 | 80 and 90 | - 27 |
| 20 and 30 | - | 90 | 90 and 100 | - 7 |
| 30 and 40 | - | 130 | | |
| 40 and 50 | - | 133 | | |
| 50 and 60 | - | 104 | | |

Peck Loaf, 4s. 5d. 4s. 5d. 4s. 5d. 4s. 6d. 4s. 5d.

Salt, 20s. per bushel, 4½ per lb.

## PRICE OF STOCKS, from JUNE 26, 1809, to JULY 25, 1809, both inclusive.

| Days 1808 | Bank Stock. | 3 p. Cent. Consols. | 3 p. Cent. Reduc. | 4 p. Ct. Cons. | Navy 5 p. Cent. | N. 5 p. Ct. | Long Anns. | Omnium. | Imperial 3 p. Cent | Imperial Anns. | Irish 5p. C | Irish Ann. | S. Sea Stock. | S Sea Anns. | India Sto. | India Bonds. | Exche. Bills. | Lotter Tickets | Cons. for Acct. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Jun. | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 26 | | Shut | 68¼ | 83⅛ | Shut | | | ¾ pm. | | | | | | | | 17s.pm | 10s.pm | 21 11 | 69¼ ⅜ |
| 27 | | Do. | 68¼ | 83⅜ | Do. | | 18 11-16ths | ⅝ pm. | | | | | | | | 17s pm | 11s.pm | 21 11 | 69¼ ⅜ |
| 28 | | Do. | 68¼ | 83¾ | Do. | | 18 11-16ths | ¾ pm. | 66¾ | | | | | | | 17s.pm | 11s.pm | 21 11 | 69⅜ |
| 29 | holiday | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 30 | 260 | Do. | 68¼ | 85¾ | Do. | | | ¾ pm. | | | | | | | | 17s pm | 11s.pm | 21 11 | 69 ¼ |
| July | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 1 | 260 | Do. | 68¼ | 85¾ | Do. | | | ¾ pm. | | | | | | | | 18s.pm | 12s.pm | 21 11 | 69⅜ |
| 3 | | Do. | 68¼ | | Do. | | 18 11-16ths | | 66½ | | | | | | | 20s.pm | 13s.pm | 21 11 | |
| 4 | 260½ | Do. | 68¼ | 85¾ | Do. | | 18 11-16ths | ¾ pm. | 66¾ | | | | | | | 20s.pm | 13s pm | 21 11 | 69⅜ |
| 5 | | Do. | 68⅜ | 85¾ | Do. | | 18 11-16ths | ¾ pm. | | | | | | | | 20s.pm | 13s.pm | 21 11 | 69⅜ |
| 6 | | 67⅞ ¾ ed | 68¼ | 86⅞ | 98¾ ed | | 18 11-16ths | 1 pm. | | | | | | | | 19s.pm | 13s.pm | 21 11 | 69⅜ |
| 7 | | 67⅞ ¾ ed | 68¼ | 84 | 98½ | | 18¾ | 1 pm. | 67 | | | | | | | 20s.pm | 13s.pm | 21 11 | 69⅜ |
| 8 | | 67⅝ ¾ | 68⅜ | 84 | 98⅝ | | 18¾ | 1 pm. | | | | | | | 191¼ | 21s pm | 13s.pm | 21 11 | 69⅜ |
| 10 | | 67¾ ⅝ | 68¼ | 84¼ | 98¾ | | 18¾ | 1 pm. | | | | | | | 192¼ | 24s.pm | 14s.pm | 21 11 | 69⅜ |
| 11 | 260½ | 67¾ ⅝ | 68¼ | 84¼ | 98¾ | | 18½ | 1 pm. | 67⅛ | | | | | | 191¾ | 24s.pm | 14s.pm | 21 11 | 69⅜ |
| 12 | | 67¾ ⅝ | 68¼ | 84¼ | 98¾ | | 18¾ | 1 pm. | 67⅛ | | | | | | 191¾ | 24s.pm | 14s.pm | 21 11 | 69⅜ |
| 13 | 260¾ | 67¾ 68 | 68⅜ | 84¼ | 98¾ | | | 1 pm. | | | 97¾ | | | | 191¾ | 24s.pm | 14s.pm | 21 11 | 69⅜ |
| 14 | | 68⅛ | 68¼ | 84½ | 98¾ | | 18¾ | 1¼ pm. | | | | | | | 191¾ | 23s.pm | 13s.pm | 21 11 | 69½ |
| 15 | | 68⅛ ¼ | 68⅜ | 84½ | 98⅝ | | 18 13-16ths | 1½ pm. | | 7⅜ | | | | | 190¼ | 23s.pm | 12s pm | 21 11 | 69⅝ |
| 17 | | 68¼ ⅜ | 69 | 84⅝ | 99 | | 18⅞ | 1½ pm. | | | | | | | | 19s.pm | 13s.pm | 21 11 | 69⅞ |
| 18 | 261¼ | 68¼ ⅜ | 69 | 84⅝ | 98⅞ | | 18 13-16ths | 1½ pm. | | | 97¾ | | | | 190¾ | 20s.pm | 13s.pm | 21 11 | 69⅞ |
| 19 | | 68¼ ⅜ | 68⅞ | 84⅝ | 98⅝ | | 18 13-16ths | 1½ pm. | | | | | | | | 20s.pm | 12s.pm | 21 11 | 69⅝ |
| 20 | 261 | 68¼ 68 | 68⅝ | 84⅝ | 98⅜ | | 18⅞ | 1¼ pm. | | | | | | | | 20s.pm | 12s.pm | 21 11 | 69⅝ |
| 21 | 261 | 68⅛ | 68¼ | 84⅜ | 98⅞ | | 18¾ | 1 pm. | | | | | | | | 19s.pm | 12s.pm | 21 11 | 68⅞ |
| 22 | | 67¾ ⅛ | 68⅜ | 84 | 98⅝ | | 18 11-16ths | ½ pm. | | | | | | | | 20s.pm | 13s.pm | 21 11 | 68¼ |
| 24 | | 67⅞ ⅛ | 68¼ | 84⅛ | 98⅞ | | 18 11-16ths | ¾ pm. | | | | | | | | 20s.pm | 13s.pm | 21 11 | 68¼ |
| 25 | holiday | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |

N.B. In the 3 per Cent Consols the *highest* and *lowest* Price of each day is given; in the other Stocks the *highest* only.

*City Freehold Tickets, 8l. 10s.*

FORTUNE and Co. STOCK-BROKERS and GENERAL AGENTS, No. 13, Cornhill.